

THE REPOSITORY.

* Here we select
* The various wonders of the moral world,
* As in a museum displayed we see
* Sea-shells and flowers, and airy pinioned birds.*

A VOYAGE.

I WAS on my voyage back to my native country, after an absence of five years, spent in unremitting toil in a foreign land, to which I had been driven by a singular fatality. Our voyage had been singular and prosperous, and on Christmas day we were within fifty leagues of port. Passengers and crew were all in the highest spirits, and the ship was alive with mirth and jollity. For my own part, I was the very happiest man in existence. I had been unexpectedly raised from poverty to affluence—my parents were once more longing to behold their erring and beloved son, and I knew that there was one dearer even than any parent, who had remained true to me through all my misfortunes, and would soon be mine for life.

About eight o'clock in the evening I went on deck. The ship was sailing upon a wind at the rate of seven knots an hour, and there was a wild grandeur in the night. A strong snow storm blew, but steadily, and without danger, and now and then, when the struggling moonlight overcame the sleety and misty darkness, we saw for some distance around us the agitated sea all tumbling with foam. There were no shoals to fear, and the ship kept boldly on her course, close-reefed, and mistress of the storm. I leaned over the gunwale, admiring the water rushing past like a foaming cataract, when, by some unaccountable accident, I lost my balance, and in an instant fell overboard into the sea.

I remember a convulsive shuddering all over my body, and a hurried leaping of my breast, as I felt myself about to lose hold of the vessel, and afterwards a sensation of the most icy chillness from immersion into the waves—but nothing resembling a fall or precipitation. When below the water, I think that the momentary belief rushed across my mind that the ship had suddenly sunk, and that I

was but one of a perishing crew. I imagined that I felt a hand with long fingers clutching at my legs, and made violent efforts to escape, dragging after me, as I thought, the body of some drowning wretch. On rising to the surface, I recollected in a moment what had befallen me, and uttered a cry of horror, which is in my ears to this day, and often makes me shudder, as if it were the mad shriek of another person in the extremity of perilous agony. Often have I dreamed over again that dire moment, and the cry I utter in my sleep is something more horrible than a human voice. No ship was to be seen. She was gone for ever. The little happy world to which, a moment before, I had belouged, had swept by, the waves dashed on me, and struck me on the face, and howled at me; the winds yelled, and snow beat like drifting sand into my eyes,—and there I was left to struggle, and buffet, and gasp, and sink, and perish, alone, unseen and unpitied by man, and as I thought too, by the everlasting God. I tried to penetrate the surrounding darkness with my glaring eyes, that felt leaping from their sockets, and saw, as if by miraculous power, to a great distance through the night,—but no ship—nothing but the white crested waves, and the dismal noise of thunder. I shouted, shrieked and yelled, that I might be heard by the crew, till my voice was gone—and that too, when I knew that there were none to hear me. At last I became utterly speechless, and when I tried to call aloud, there was nothing but a silent gasp and convulsion, while the waves came upon me like stunning blows, reiterated and reiterating, and drove me along like a log of wood, or a dead animal.

Once I muttered to myself, "this is a dream, and I shall awake." I had often before dreamed of being drowned, and this idea of its being a dream so pressed upon me, that I vainly strove to shriek out, that the noise might awaken me. But oh! the transition, from this momentary and wild hope of its being all a dreadful dream, into the conviction of its reality! That indeed was something more hideous than a fanatic's thought of hell. All at once I felt my inmost soul throttled, struggled, and stifled, by an insupportable fear of death. That death which, to my imagination, had ever appeared the most hideous, and of which I had often dreamed till the drops fell down my forehead like rain, had now, in good truth, befallen me; but dreadful as all my dreams had been, what were they all to this? I felt as if all human misery was concentrated in the speechless anguish of my own single heart.

All this time I was not conscious of any act of swimming; but I soon found that I had been instinctively exerting my power and skill, and both were requisite to keep me alive in the tumultuous wake of the ship. Something struck me harder than a wave. What it was I knew not, but I grasped it with a passionate violence, for the hope of salvation came suddenly over me, and, with a sudden transition from despair, I felt that I was rescued. I had the same thought as if I had been suddenly heaved on shore by a wave. The crew had thrown overboard every thing they thought could afford me the slightest chance of escape from death, and a hen-coop had drifted towards me.—At once all the stories I had ever read of mariners miraculously saved at sea, rushed across my recollection. I had an object to cling to, which I knew would enable me to prolong my existence. I was no longer helpless on the cold weltering world of waters; and the thought that my friends were thinking of me, and doing all that they could for me, gave me a wonderful courage. I may yet pass the night in the ship, I thought, and looked around

eagerly to hear the rush of her prow, or to see through the snow-drift the gleaming of her sails.

This was but a momentary gladness. The ship I knew could not be far off, but for any good she could do me, she might have been in the heart of the Atlantic ocean. Ere she could have altered her course I must have drifted a long way to the leeward, and in that dim, snowy night how was such a speck to be seen? I saw a flash of lightning, and then there was thunder. It was the ship firing a gun, to let me know, if still alive, that she was somewhere lying to. But wherefore? I was separated from her by a dire necessity, by many thousand and fierce waves, that would not let my shrieks be heard. Each succeeding gun was heard fainter and fainter, till at last I cursed the sound, that, scarcely heard above the hollow rumbling of the tempestuous sea, told me that the ship was farther and farther off, till she and her heartless crew had left me to my fate. Why did they not send their boats round and round all the night through, for the sake of one whom they pretended to love so well? I blamed, blessed, and cursed them by fits, till every emotion of my soul was exhausted, and I clung in sullen despair to the wretched piece of wood that still kept me from eternity.

Was it not strange, that during all this time the image of my friends at home never came to my mind? My thoughts had never escaped beyond the narrow and dim horizon of the sea, at least never beyond that fatal ship. But now I thought of home and the blessed things there, and so intensely bright was that flash of heavenly images, that for a moment my heart was filled with happiness. It was terrible when the cold and dashing waves broke over me in that insane dreaming fit, and awoke me to the conviction that there was nothing in store for me but an icy and lingering death, and that I, who had so much to live for, was seemingly on that account most miserably to perish.

What a war of passions perturbed my soul? Had I for this kept my heart full of tenderness, pure, lofty, and heroic, for my best beloved and long betrothed? Had God kept me alive through fevers and plagues, and war and earthquakes, thus to murder me at last? What mockery was all this? What horror would be in my gray haired parents' house when they came to hear of my doom? "O Theresa! Theresa!" and thus I wept and turmoiled through the night. Sometimes I had little or no feeling at all—sullen and idealess, I wished myself drowned at once—yet life was still sweet; and in my weakened state, I must have fallen from my frail vessel and been swallowed up, had I not, though even now I cannot remember when or how, bound myself to it. I had done so with great care—but a fit of despair succeeding, I forgot the circumstance, and in that situation looked at myself with surprise and wonder.

That I had awful thoughts of the eternity into which I felt gradually sinking, is certain; but it is wonderful how faintly I thought of the future world; all such thoughts were overthrown by alternate hope and despair connected with this life. I heard the shrill cry of sea-birds flying over my head, and instantly returned again to the hope of life. O, for such wings! but mine I thought were broken, and like a wounded bird lay floating powerlessly on the waves.

The night before I had had a severe rheumatism in my head, and now remembered that there was a phial of laudanum about me. I swallowed the whole of it—and ere long a strange effect was produced. I fell into a delirium, and felt a wild pleasure in dancing over the waves. I imagined my-

self in a vessel, and on a voyage, and had a dreamy impression that there was connected with it something of glory. Then suddenly a cold tremulous sickness would fall on me; a weight of sadness and despair. Every now and then there came these momentary flashings of reality; but the conviction of my personal identity soon gave way to those wilder fits, and I was drifted along through the moonless darkness of the roaring night, with all the fierce exultations of a raving madman. No wonder. The laudanum, the cold, the wet, the dashing, the buffeting, the agony, were enough to account for all this, and more than my soul dare even now shadow out to her shuddering recollection. But as God pitied the miserable, so also has he forgiven the wicked thoughts of that unimaginable night.

During one of these delirious fits, whether it was a dream or a reality I know not, methought I heard the most angelical music that ever breathed from heaven. It seemed to come on the winds—to rise up from the sea—to melt down from the stormy clouds. It was at last like a full band of instrumental music, soft, deep, wild, such as I have heard playing on board a ship of war. I heard a rushing noise with the music, and the glorious ghost of a ship went roaring past me, all illuminated with lamps; her colours flying; every sail set, and her decks crowded with men. Perhaps a real ship sailed by with festivity on board. Or was it a vision? Whatever it was, I felt no repining when it passed me by; it seemed something wholly alien to me: the delirium had swallowed up all fear, all selfishness; the past and future were alike forgotten, and I kept floating along, self-questioned no longer, assured that I was some how or other a part of the waves and the tempest, and that the wonderful and beautiful vision that had sailed by me was an aboriginal of the ocean. There was unspeakable pride and grandeur in this delirium. I was more intensely conscious of a brighter existence than I ever was in the most glorious dream, and instead of dreading death, I felt as if I were immortal.

This delirium I think must have gradually subsided during a kind of sleep, for I dimly recollect mixed images of pain and pleasure, land and sea, storm and calm, tears and laughter. I thought I had a companion at my side, and even her I best loved; now like an angel comforting me, and now like myself needing to be comforted, lying on my bosom, cold, drenched, despairing, and insane, and uttering, with pale, quivering lips, the most horrid and dreadful imprecations. Once I heard, methought, a voice crying from below the waves, "Hast thou forgot Theresa?" And looking down, I saw something like the glimmering of a shroud come slowly upwards, from a vast depth, to the surface of the water. I stooped down to embrace it, and in a moment a ghastly, blue, swollen face, deformed horribly, as if by the gnawing teeth of sea monsters, dashed against mine; and as it sunk again, I knew well to whom belonged the black streaming hair. But I awoke. The delirium was gone, and I was at once a totally different creature. I awoke into a low, heartless, quaking, quivering, fear-haunted, cowardly, and weeping despondency, in which all fortitude was utterly prostrated. The excitement had worn out my very soul. A corpse rising out of a cold, clammy grave could not have been more woe-begone, spiritless, bloodless. Every thing was seen in its absolute dreadful reality. I was a castaway—no hope of rescue. It was broad day-light, and the storm had ceased; but clouds lay round the horizon, and no land was to be seen. What dreadful clouds! Some black as pitch, and

charged with thunder; others like cliffs of fire; and here and there all streamed over with blood. It was indeed a sullen, wrathful, despairing sky.

The sun itself was a dull brazen orb, cold, dead, and beamless. I beheld three ships afar off, but all their heads were turned from me. For whole hours they would adhere, motionless, to the sea, while I drifted away from them; and then a rushing wind would carry them, one by one, into the darkness of the stormy distance. Many birds came close to me as if to flap me with their large spreading wings, screamed round and round me, and then flew away in their strength, and beauty, and happiness.

I now felt myself indeed dying. A calm came over me. I prayed devoutly for forgiveness of my sins, for all my friends on earth. A ringing was in my ears, and I remember only the hollow fluctuations of the sea with which I seemed blended, and a sinking down and down an unfathomable depth, which I thought was death, and into the kingdom of the eternal future.

I awoke from insensibility and oblivion with a hideous racking pain in my head and loins, and in a place of utter darkness. I heard a voice say, "Praise the Lord." My agony was dreadful, and I cried aloud. Wan, glimmering, melancholy lights kept moving to and fro. A hideous din was overhead, and around me the fierce dashing of the waves. I was lying in the cabin of a ship, and kindly tended by a humane and skilful man. I had been picked up apparently dead and cold.—The hand of God was there.

THE PHYSICIAN.: EARLY BURIALS.

The New - York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Jan 15, 1825; 2, 25;
American Periodicals
pg. 194

THE PHYSICIAN.

“The grave’s the house to which we all belong.”

EARLY BURIALS.

Who can behold a fellow creature consigned to our mother earth without emotion? To me there is something terrible in being covered with “the clods of the valley,” and, after the brief ceremony of a prayer, left to the all-devouring worm—but

Reproduced with permission of the copyright owner. Further reproduction prohibited without permission.

the possibility of being buried alive has more horrors than any other thought that can occupy my mind. That there has been such things, the following authentic accounts will prove :

Plutarch relates that a man having fallen from a height, was thought to be dead, without, however, the slightest appearance of a wound. At the end of three days, as they laid him in the earth, he suddenly came to himself. And Asclepiades meeting a large concourse of people following a person to the grave was allowed to see him. He found in him signs of life, and by appropriate means immediately recovered him, and restored him to his friends.

There are numerous instances of persons who, having been buried, have afterwards recovered, and lived in perfect health a long time. In particular, we are told of a woman of Orleans, buried in a vault with a ring on her finger, which could not be taken off when placing her in the coffin. The following night, a servant, attracted by this ring, opened the tomb, broke the coffin, and not being able to draw off the ring, attempted to cut off the finger of the woman, who cried out, and thus put him to flight. She then divested herself, as well as she could, of her burial clothes, returned home, and survived her husband.

M. Bernard, a surgeon at Paris, affirms, that being with his father at the parish church of Real, they drew from his tomb, alive and breathing, a priest of the order of St. Francis, who had been interred three or four days, and who had gnawed his hands around the ligature that bound them together. He died, however, almost instantly on being brought into the air.

Many persons have mentioned the wife of a counsellor of Cologne, who having been buried, in 1571, with a valuable ring, the grave-digger opened the grave the following night, in order to steal it. But the good woman seized him, and forced him to take her from her coffin. He disengaged himself and fled. She then went home and knocked at the door; thinking it was her ghost, she was left, a long time at the door. At last they opened it, warmed her, and she was perfectly restored, and had afterwards three sons, all clergymen.

Francis de Cevile, a Norman gentleman, was captain of an hundred men in the town of Rouen, when it was besieged by Charles IX., and was then twenty-six years old. At the conclusion of an attack he was wounded, and fell into the ditch; some pioneers placed him in a grave with another body, and covered it with a little earth. He remained there from eleven in the morning to half past six in the evening, when his servant took him out. Having observed some signs of life, the servant put him into a bed, where he remained five days and five nights without speaking, or giving any signs of sensation, but having a violent fever. The town being taken by assault, the servants of an officer of the victorious army, who was to lodge in the house, threw him on a straw bed in the back room, from whence his brother's enemies pitched him through a window upon a heap of dung, where he remained in his shirt more than three days. At the end of this time, a relation, surprised to find him alive, sent him a league from Rouen, where he was attended, and finally recovered.

In a great plague that ravaged the town of Dijon, in 1558, a woman named Nicole Lentillet, being considered as dead from the disease, was thrown into a large ditch, where the dead were buried. The following morning she came to herself, and attempted in vain to get out of it; but her weakness, and the weight of the bodies above her, prevented it. In this horrible situation she remained

four days, when she was drawn out, carried home, and perfectly recovered.

A young lady of Augsbourg, having fallen into a trance, her body was placed in a deep vault, without being covered with earth; but the entrance was closely walled up; some years afterwards a member of the same family died. The vault was opened, and they found the body of the young lady at the entrance, having no fingers on her right hand, which she had devoured in despair.

DR. HIBBERT'S PHILOSOPHY OF APPARITIONS.

[A late number of the *Literary Gazette* noticed some of the principles on which Dr. Hibbert endeavours to account for spectral phantasma, &c. Omitting this part, we subjoin some of his particular cases.]

One of the best authenticated ghost stories in circulation is given in Beaumont's *World of Spirits*—it is thus stated and commented on by Dr H.:

* * * “It is dated in the year 1662, and it relates to an apparition seen by the daughter of Sir Charles Lee, immediately preceding her death. No reasonable doubt can be placed on the authenticity of the narrative, as it was drawn up by the Bishop of Gloucester, from the recital of the young lady's father.

“Sir Charles Lee, by his first lady, had only one daughter, of which she died in child birth; and when she was dead, her sister, the Lady Everard, desired to have the education of the child, and she was by her very well educated, till she was marriageable, and a match was concluded for her with Sir William Perkins, but was then prevented in an extraordinary manner. Upon a Thursday night, she, thinking she saw a light in her chamber after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who presently came to her; and she asked, ‘why she left a candle burning in her chamber?’ The maid said, she ‘left none, and there was none but what she had brought with her at that time;’ then she said it was the fire, but that, her maid told her, was quite out; and said she believed it was only a dream; whereupon she said, it might be so, and composed herself again to sleep. But about two of the clock she was awakened again, and saw the apparition of a little woman between her curtain and her pillow, who told her she was her mother, that she was happy, and that by twelve of the clock that day she should be with her. Whereupon she knocked again for her maid, called for her clothes, and when she was dressed, went into her closet, and came not out again till nine, and then brought out with her a letter sealed to her father; brought it to her aunt, the Lady Everard, told her what had happened, and declared, that as soon as she was dead, it might be sent to him. The lady thought she was suddenly fallen mad, and thereupon sent presently away to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon, who both came immediately; but the physician could discern no indication of what the lady imagined, or of any indisposition of her body; notwithstanding the lady would needs have her let blood, which was done accordingly. And when the young woman had patiently let them do what they would with her, she desired that the chaplain might be called to read prayers; and when prayers were ended, she took her guitar and psalm book, and sat down upon a chair without arms, and played and sung so melodiously and admirably, that her music-master, who was then there.

admired at it. And near the stroke of twelve, she rose and sat herself down in a great chair with arms, and presently fetching a strong breathing or two, immediately expired, and was so suddenly cold, as was much wondered at by the physician and surgeon. She died at Waltham, in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford, and the letter was sent to Sir Charles, at his house in Warwickshire; but he was so afflicted with the death of his daughter, that he came not till she was buried; but when he came, he caused her to be taken up, and to be buried with her mother at Edmonton, as she desired in her letter.'

"This is one of the most interesting ghost-stories on record. Yet, when strictly examined, the manner in which a leading circumstance in the case is reported, affects but too much the supernatural air imparted to other of its incidents. For whatever might have been averred by a physician of the *olden time*, with regard to the young lady's sound state of health during the period she saw her mother's ghost, it may be asked,—If any practitioner at the present day would have been proud of such an opinion, especially when death followed so promptly after the spectral impression?

'There's bloom upon her cheek;
But now I see it is no living hue,
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red
Which autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.'

"Probably, the languishing female herself might have unintentionally contributed to the more strict verification of the ghost's prediction. It was an extraordinary exertion which her tender frame underwent, near the expected hour of its dissolution, in order that she might retire from all her scenes of earthly enjoyment, with the dignity of a resigned Christian. And what subject can be conceived more worthy the masterly skill of the painter, than to depict a young and lovely saint, cheered with the bright prospect of futurity before her, and, ere the quivering flame of life, which, for the moment, was kindled up into a glow of holy ardour, had expired for ever, sweeping the strings of the guitar with her trembling fingers, and melodiously accompanying the notes with her voice, in a hymn of praise to her heavenly Maker? Entranced with such a sight, the philosopher himself would dismiss for the time his usual cold and cavelling scepticism, and, giving way to the superstitious impressions of less deliberating by-standers, partake with them in the most grateful of religious solaces, which the spectacle must have irresistibly inspired.

"Regarding the confirmation, which the ghost's mission is, in the same narrative, supposed to have received from the completion of a foreboded death,—all that can be said of it is, that the coincidence was a *fortunate one*; for, without it, the story would, probably, never have met with a recorder, and we should have lost one of the sweetest anecdotes that private life has ever afforded. But, on the other hand, a majority of popular ghost-stories might be adduced, wherein apparitions have either visited our world, without

any ostensible purpose and errand whatever, or, in the circumstances of their mission, have exhibited all the inconsistency of conduct so well exposed in the quotation, which I have given from Grose, respecting departed spirits. 'Seldom as it may happen,' says Nicolai, in the memoir which he read to the Royal Society of Berlin, on the appearance of spectres occasioned by disease, 'that persons believe they see human forms, yet examples of the case are not wanting. A respectable member of this academy, distinguished by his merit in the science of botany, whose truth and credibility are unexceptionable, once saw in this very room in which we are now assembled, the phantasm of the late president Maupertuis.' But it appears that this ghost was seen by a philosopher, and, consequently, no attempt was made to connect it with superstitious speculations. The uncertainty, however, of ghostly predictions is not unaptly illustrated in the Table-Talk of Johnson. 'An acquaintance,' remarks Boswell, 'on whose veracity I can depend, told me, that walking home one evening at Kilmarnock, he heard himself called from a wood, by the voice of a brother who had gone to America; and the next packet brought an account of that brother's death. Macbean asserted, that this inexplicable calling was a thing very well known. Dr. Johnson said, that one day at Oxford, as he was turning the key of his chamber, he heard his mother distinctly calling *Sam*. She was then at Litchfield; but *nothing ensued*.' This casual admission, which, in the course of conversation, transpired from a man, *himself* strongly tainted with superstition, precludes any farther remarks on the alleged nature and errands of ghosts, which would now, indeed, be highly superfluous. 'A lady once asked me,' says Mr. Coleridge, 'if I believed in ghosts and apparitions? I answered with truth and simplicity: *No, Madam! I have seen far too many myself*.'"

Upon the miscellaneous laws of the mind (if we may so term the subordinate causes of spectral illusions,) Dr. H. dwells with successful ratiocination—

"An apparition (he says) is, in a strict sense, a past feeling, renovated with a degree of vividness, equalling, or exceeding, an actual impression. If the renewed feeling should be one of vision, a form may arise perfectly complete; if of sound, a distinct conversation may be heard; or, if of touch, the impression may be no less complete. The question then is, What illusions occur when there are no morbid causes of excitement operating?

"In this case, no other mental impressions of a spectral nature are experienced, than such as may be corrected by a slight examination of the natural objects to which they owe their origin. Illusions of sound are such as have been described after the following manner by Mr. Coleridge:—'When we are broad awake,' says this writer, 'if we are in anxious expectation, how often will not the most confused sounds of nature be heard by us as articulate sounds? For instance, the babbling of a brook will appear for a moment the voice of a friend for whom we are waiting, calling out

our names.' * * * The leading features of some images of the mind, which, if present, would, from moral causes, create emotion, are traced in such outlines of light and shade, as in part compose the figures that are actually impressing the visual organs. * * *

"Another cursory remark which I have to make is, that in any train of sensations and ideas, the more any particular feelings are vivified by an occasion calculated to inspire hope or fear, the less vivid are all other feelings rendered which occur in the same train of feelings. But, it is impossible for me to enter into a full explanation of this important law which modifies all our natural emotions. I shall, therefore, remark, that it is alluded to after the following manner by Dr. Brown; though I ought to premise, that he uses the word *perception*, where others would use the term *sensation*, and *conception* where an idea or renovated feeling is evidently meant. His observations are to this effect:—"The phantasms of imagination in the reveries of our waking hours, when our external senses are still open, and quick to feel, are, as mere conceptions, far less vivid than the primary perceptions from which they originally flowed: and yet, under the influence of any strong emotion, they become so much more bright and prominent than external things, that to the impassioned muser on distant scenes and persons, the scenes and persons truly around him are almost as if they were not existence."

"But I know of no better illustration that can be given of this law of our nature, than in a quotation from the *Œdipus* of Lee and Dryden:

When the sun sets, shadows that show'd at noon
But small, appear most long and terrible;
So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds:
Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death;
Nature's worst vermin scare her god-like sons;
Echoes the very leavings of a voice,
Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves.
Each mole-hill thought swells to a huge Olympus;
While we fantastic dreamers heave and pull,
And sweat with an imagination's weight.

"This, then, is the effect of fear—to reduce the vividness of all feelings, that are not connected with the occasion which gave birth to the emotion. And thus it is, that in each train of thought, while every idea connected with a particular occasion of hope or fear, becomes subject to a strong excitement, all other feelings which bear no reference to the occasion become proportionally faint. By this means, the illusion must be increased. How well is this fact illustrated in the emotions which are excited, when, through the medium of the retina, an idea is intensely renovated upon the faded outlines of such forms as have been induced by the partial gleams of light which diversify woods, rocks, or clouds! In proportion as hope, or superstitious awe, impart an undue degree of vividness to the spectral outline which may thus be traced.

all other parts of the natural objects which have given rise to the phantasm grow proportionally dim. The spectre then acquires an undue prominence in the imagination, and appears to start from the familiar objects of which it merely forms a portion."

Proceeding to a more historical view of ghosts and apparitions, the following statements will be found curious and entertaining:

"The opinions relative to apparitions which may be found in Jewish traditions, proceed upon the doctrine subsequently entertained by Christians, that the spirits of the dead were souls that had obtained a sort of temporary respite from the pains of purgatory, to which they had become subject after death. It was even supposed that the righteous were conducted through hell, that they might be completely purified in the fiery river Dinnur, before they could ascend into paradise. In conformity with this opinion, several ghost-stories are recorded by the Jews, relative to the conversations the living had with the dead; of these, is the dialogue which took place with Turnis Rufus and the ghost of his father, and that of the Rabbi Akkiva with an individual who was condemned after death to carry wood for fuel to the fire of hell. A third narrative, *furinæ ejusdem*, I shall give at length on account of the precept that the fable is intended to convey.

"There happened something remarkable in the holy community at Worms. It fell out that a Jew, whose name was Ponim, an ancient man, whose business was altogether about the dead, coming to the door of the school, saw one standing there who had a garland on his head. Then was Rabbi Ponim afraid, imagining it was a spirit. Whereupon he whom the Rabbi saw called to him, saying, 'Be not afraid, but pass forward: Dost not thou know me?' Then said Rabbi Ponim, 'Art not thou he whom I buried yesterday?' And he was answered, 'Yea, I am he.' Upon which Rabbi Ponim said, 'Why comest thou hither? How fareth it with thee in the other world?' And the apparition made answer, 'It goeth well with me, and I am in high esteem in paradise.' Then said the Rabbi, 'Thou wert but looked upon in the world as an insignificant Jew. What good work didst thou that thou art esteemed?' The apparition answered, 'I will tell thee: The reason of the esteem I am in is, that I rose every morning early, and with fervency uttered my prayer, and offered the grace from the bottom of my heart; for which reason I now pronounce grace in Paradise, and am well respected. If thou doubttest whether I am the person, I will show thee a token that shall convince thee of it. Yesterday, when thou didst clothe me in my funeral attire, thou didst tear my sleeve.' Then asked Rabbi Ponim, 'What is the meaning of that garland?' The apparition answered, 'I wear it to the end the wind of the world may not have power over me; for it consists of excellent herbs of paradise.' Then did Rabbi Ponim mend the sleeve of the deceased; for the deceased had said, that if it was not mended, he should be ashamed to be seen among others whose apparel was whole. And then the apparition vanished.

'Wherefore let every one utter his prayer with fervency, for then it will go well with him in the other world: and let care be taken, that no rent or tearing be left in the apparel in which the dead are interred.'

"The early Popish church has favoured the world with numerous stories of apparitions, the subject of which is generally connected with the doctrine of Purgatory. I shall give Reginald Scott's abstract of one of these narratives, which was taken, he assures us, 'out of the rosarie of our ladie, in which booke do remaine (besides this) ninetie and eight examples to this effect, which are of such authoritie in the church of Rome, that all scripture must give place unto them.

"A certeine hangman passing by the image of our ladie, saluted hir, commending himself to hir protection. Afterwards, while he praied before hir, he was called awaie to hang an offender; but his enemies intercepted him, and slew him by the waie. And, lo! a certeine holie preest, which nightlie walked about everie church in the citie, rose up that night, and was going to his ladie, I should saie to our ladie church. And in the church-yard he saw a great manie dead men, and some of them he knew, of whom he asked what the matter was, and who answered, that the hangman was slaine, and the divell challenged his soule, the which our ladie said was hers: and the judge was even at hand, coming thither to heare the cause, and therefore (said they) we are now come together. The preest thought he would be at the hearing hereof, and hid himself behind a tree, and anon he saw the judicial seat readie prepared and furnished, where the judge, to wit, Jesus Christ, sate, who tooke up his mother unto him. Soon after the divels brought in the hangman pinioned, and proved by good evidence that his soule belonged them. On the other side, our ladie pleaded for the hangman, proving that he, at the houre of death, commended his soule to hir. The judge hearing the matter so well debated on either side, but willing to obeie (for these are his words) his mother's desire, and loath to do the divels anie wrong, gave sentence, that the hangman's soule should return to his bodie, until he had made sufficient satisfaction; ordeiring that the Pope should set foorth a publike forme of praier for the hangman's soule. It was demanded, who should do the errand to the Pope's holiness. Marie, quoth our ladie, that shall yonder preest that lurketh behind the tree. The preest being called foorth, and enjoined to make relation hereof, and to desire the Pope to take the paines to doo according to this decree, asked by what token he should be directed. Then was delivered unto him a rose of such beautie, as when the Pope saw it, he knew his message was true.'

"By the Protestants, numerous opinions were held on the subject of apparitions, which even exceeded in absurdity the superstitious notions of the church they so zealously opposed."

WITCHES, AND OTHER NIGHT FEARS. . .

WE are too hasty when we set down our ancestors in the gross for fools, for the monstrous inconsistencies (as they seem to us) involved in their creed of witchcraft. In the relations of this visible world we find them to have been as rational, and shrewd to detect an historic anomaly as ourselves. But when once the invisible world was supposed to be opened, and the lawless agency of bad spirits assumed, what measures of probability, of decency, of fitness, or proportion—of that which distinguishes the likely from the palpable absurd—could they have to guide them in the rejection or admission of any particular testimony?—That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged, and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds up tore in diabolical revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful-innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen when no wind was stirring—were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood. That the prince of the powers of darkness, passing by the flower and pomp of the earth, should lay preposterous siege to the weak fantasy of indigent eld—has neither likelihood nor unlikelihood *a priori* to us, who have no measure to guess at his policy, or standard to estimate what rate those anile souls may fetch in the devil's market. Nor, when the wicked are expressly symbolized by a goat, was it to be wondered at so much, that *he* should come sometimes in that body, and assert his metaphor.—That the intercourse was opened at all between both worlds was perhaps the mistake—but that once assumed, I see

no reason for disbelieving one attested story of this nature more than another on the score of absurdity. There is no law to judge of the lawless, or canon by which a dream may be criticised.

I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in days of received witchcraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Our ancestors were bolder or more obtuse. Amidst the universal belief that these wretches were in league with the author of all evil, holding hell tributary to their muttering, no simple Justice of the Peace seems to have scrupled issuing, or silly Headborough serving, a warrant upon them—as if they should subpœna Satan!—Prospero in his boat, with his books and wand about him, suffers himself to be conveyed away at the mercy of his enemies to an unknown island. He might have raised a storm or two, we think on the passage. His acquiescence is in exact analogy to the non-resistance of witches to the constituted powers.—What stops the Fiend in Spenser from tearing Guyon to pieces—or who had made it a condition of his prey, that Guyon must take assay of the glorious bait—we have no guess. We do not know the laws of that country.

From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book-closet, the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds—one of the ark, in particular, and another of

Solomon's temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture too, of the Witch raising up Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes—and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could manage, from the situation which they occupied upon an upper shelf. Turning over the picture of the ark with too much haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric—driving my inconsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds—the elephant, and the camel—that stare (as well they might) out of the two last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was henceforth locked up, and became an interdicted treasure. But there was one impression which I had imbibed from Stackhouse, which no lock or bar could shut out, and which was destined to try my childish nerves rather more seriously.—That detestable picture!

I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night-time solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh year of my life—so far as memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance, which realized its own prophecy, by seeing some frightful spectre. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part, if I say that in his picture of the Witch raising up Samuel I owe—not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infancy—but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow—a true bed-fellow when my aunt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night (if I may use so bold an expression) awoke into sleep, and found the vision true. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice, when children wake screaming—and find none to soothe them—what

a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves! The keeping them up till midnight, through candle-light and the unwholesome hours, as they are called,—would, I am satisfied in a medical point of view, prove the better caution.—That detestable picture, as I have said, gave the fashion to my dreams—if dreams they were—for the scene of them was invariably the room in which I lay. Had I never met with the picture, the fears would have come self-pictured in some shape or other—

Headless bear, black-man, or ape—

but, as it was, my imagination took that form.—It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. H. who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of a goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or to hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own “thick-coming fancies;” and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

Gorgons, and Hydras and Chimæras dire—stories of Celæno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types, the archetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that, which we know in a waking sense, to be false, come to affect us at all?—or

—— Names, whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not?

Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury?—O, least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or, without the body they would have been the same. All the cruel, tormenting, defined devils in Dante—tearing, mangling, chok-

ing, stifling, scorching demons—are they one half so fearful to the spirit of a man, as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied following him—

for Kubla Khan and Abyssinian maids, and songs of Abara, and caverns,

Where Alph, the sacred river, runs,

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.*

That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth—that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are difficulties, the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadow-land of pre-existence.

My night-fancies have long ceased to be afflictive. I confess an occasional night-mare ; but I do not, as in early youth, keep a stud of them. Fiendish faces, with the extinguished taper, will come and look at me ; but I know them for mockeries, even while I cannot elude their presence, and I fight and grapple with them. For the credit of my imagination, I am almost ashamed to say how tame and prosaic dreams are grown. They are never romantic,—seldom even rural. They are of architecture and of buildings—cities abroad, which I have never seen, and hardly have hope to see. I have traversed, for the seeming length of a natural day, Rome, Amsterdam, Paris, Lisbon—their churches, palaces, squares, market-places, shops, suburbs, ruins, with an inexpressible sense of delight—a map-like distinctness of trace—and a day-light vividness of vision, that was all but being awake. I have travelled amongst the Westmoreland fells—my highest Alps,—but they were objects too mighty for the grasp of my dreaming recognition ; and I have again and again awoke with ineffectual struggles of the “inner eye,” to make out a shape in any way whatever, of Helvellyn. Methought I was in that country, but the mountains were gone. The poverty of my dreams mortify me. There is C——, at his will can conjure up icy domes, and pleasure-houses

to solace his night solitudes—when I cannot muster a fiddle. Barry Cornwall has his tritons and his neriads gamboling before him in nocturnal visions, and proclaiming sons born to Neptune—when my stretch of imaginative activity can hardly, in the night season, raise up the **ghost** of a fish-wife. To set my failures in somewhat a mortifying light—it was after reading the noble *Dream* of this poet, that my fancy ran strong upon these marine spectra ; and the poor plastic power, such as it is, within me set to work, to humour my folly in a sort of dream that very night. Methought I was upon the ocean billows at some sea nuptials, riding and mounted high, with the customary train sounding their conchs before me, (I myself, you may be sure, the *leading god*,) and jollily we went careering over the main, till just where Ino Leucothea should have greeted me (I think it was Ino) with a white embrace, the billows gradually subsiding, fell from a sea-roughness to a sea-calm, and thence to a river-motion, and that river (as happens in the familiarization of dreams) was no other than the gentle Thames, which landed me, in the wafure of a placid wave or two, safe and inglorious somewhere at the foot of Lambeth palace.

The desire of the soul's creativeness in sleep might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantum of poetical faculty resident in the same soul waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, and a humourist, used to carry this notion so far, that when he saw any stripling of his acquaintance ambitious of becoming a poet, his first question would be, “Young man, what sort of dreams have you ?” I have so much faith in my old friend's theory, that when I feel that idle vein returning upon me, I presently subside into my proper element of prose, remembering those eluding nereids, and that inauspicious inland landing.

* Mr. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

FROM THE ALBUM.

GHOST STORIES.

OF the three relations, which follow, the two first are derived from sources so authentic, that I communicate them with as much confidence as if they had been actually received from the parties to whom the events severally occurred: of the third, the author can only say, with Sir Walter Scott,

“I know not how the truth may be;
But tell the tale as told to me.”

It is not many years ago, since Mr. —*, accompanied some friends on a visit to York cathedral. The party was numerous; and amongst them were a gentleman and his two daughters. Mr. — was with the eldest of these ladies, exploring the curiosities of the building, rather at a distance from the rest of their companions. On turning from the monument to which their attention had been directed, an officer in a naval uniform was observed advancing towards them. It was rather an unusual circumstance to encounter a person thus accoutred, in a place so far distant from the sea, and of so unmilitary a character. Mr. — was on the point of making a trivial observation on the subject to his companion; when, on his turning his eyes towards her, and pointing out the approaching stranger to her notice, he saw an immediate paleness spread itself over her face, and her countenance become agitated by the force of the powerful and contending emotions which were suddenly excited by his presence. As the stranger drew more near, and his figure and his features gradually became more distinctly visible, through the evening gloom and the dim religious light of the cathedral, the lady's distress was evidently increased. She leant on the arm of Mr. — with the weight of one who was painfully afflicted, and felt the necessity of support. Shocked at the oppression which he witnessed; but wholly ignorant of the cause—alarmed—hurried—supposing her to be suffering from the paroxysm of some violent and sudden indisposition,—Mr. — called to entreat the assistance of her sister. The figure in the naval uniform was now immediately before them. The eyes of the lady were fixed upon him, with a gaze of silent and motionless surprise, and a painful intensity of feeling: her lips were colourless and apart; and her breath passed heavily from the full and overburthened heart. The form was close upon them. It approached her side—it paused but for an instant—as quick as thought, a low, and scarcely audible, voice whispered in her ear “There is a future state;” and the figure moved onward through the retiring aisle of the minster. The father of the lady arrived to the assistance of his daughter; and Mr. —, consigning her to his protec-

* In the manuscript of the writer of these stories, the name was given at length; but while the sheet was passing through the press, a friend of the party stated to the publisher that making public the names would distress the feelings of more than one individual:—they are therefore withheld. **ED.**

tion, hastened in pursuit of the mysterious visiter. He searched on every side: no such form was to be seen on the long perspective of the path by which the ill-omened stranger had departed. He listened with the most earnest attentiveness; no sound of retreating footsteps was to be heard on the echoing pavement of the cathedral. Baffled in his attempt to discover the object whose presence had thus disturbed the tranquillity of the time, Mr. — resought his friends. The lady was weeping on the shoulder of her father. She avoided every inquiry respecting the cause, the seat, and the nature of her illness:—"It was slight: it was transient: it would immediately be over." She entreated the party to continue their examination of the building, and to leave her again to the protection of her former companion. The request was granted. And no sooner had she thus possessed herself of an opportunity of confidential communication, than she implored him, with a quick and agitated voice, to conceal for a little while, the occurrence of which he had been a witness. "We shall never be believed: besides, it were right that my poor dear father should be gradually prepared for the misery that he is destined to undergo. I have seen the spirit, and I have heard the voice, of a brother, who exists no longer—he has died at sea. We had agreed that the one who died the first, should reappear to the survivor, if it were possible—to clear up, or to confirm, doubts which existed in both our minds."

In due time, the account of the event occurred in completion of the spiritual intimation.—The brother was indeed no more—his death had happened on the very day and hour, in which his form was seen by Mr. — and his sister, in the north aisle of York cathedral.

The second tale is again one of that very ordinary kind, which refers to the spiritual appearance of the dying to some distant friend, at the moment of the soul's departure from the body.

The Rev. Mr. Hunt, the author of the late admirable translation of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, was in his childhood, the particular favourite of his mother's brother. The fondness of the uncle won upon the gentle nature of the boy: and they were mutually attached with a tenderness of affection, which is not often witnessed between the aged and the young. The child was sent to school; but absence did not impair the recollection of his friend, or of his kindness: his uncle was the theme of all his boyish anecdotes; his opinion was alleged as the decisive and infallible authority in every argument; and his practice was the example by which he cast his line, and manufactured his fishing tackle. Such was the mutual attachment in this unequal friendship:—but it was destined to suffer an early separation.—Young Hunt was one day playing in the school-room, with several of his companions—it was a game in which the boys were holding each other by the hand, and running round in an extended circle. They had not been long engaged in this amusement, when it was observed that Hunt's countenance became suddenly agitated. His school-fellows immediately relaxed

their sports, and collected themselves about him. They eagerly inquired the cause of his disorder: "Was he giddy? Was he ill?"—were sounds rapidly reiterated from many voices. Young Hunt, as soon as the power of speech returned to him, stretched out his hand, and, pointing to one of the school-room windows, said:—"I see my uncle, looking pale and ill, standing at that window." This happened, as nearly as could be calculated, by the account of his companions, at the precise moment in which his uncle had breathed his last: many miles distant from the place at which his spectre had appeared.

The third relation which I shall offer, has been received from an anonymous correspondent, in whose words I shall transcribe it. The tale is very generally circulated in society; and though evidently corrupted by the many variations and additions, which it has derived from the imaginations of successive narrators, was founded on an event of a very mysterious character; and which, the publication of the present account may possibly become the means of drawing forth in a less adulterated form.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, Lady Pennyman, and her two daughters, retired to Lisle; where they hired a very handsome large house, at a very trifling rent. During their residence in this abode, the lady received from her husband, Sir John Pennyman, a draft for a very considerable sum, which she carried to the banker of the town, and requested to have it cashed. The man, as is much the custom on the Continent, gave her a large portion of silver in exchange. As Lady Pennyman was proceeding to pay some visits, she requested that the banker would send the money to her house; of which she described the situation. The parcel was instantly committed to the care of a porter: and, on the lady's inquiring of him, whether he understood, from her directions, the place to which his charge was to be conveyed, the man replied, that he was perfectly aware of the place designated; and that it was called the "Haunted House." The latter part of this answer was addressed to the banker, in a low tone of voice; but was overheard by Lady Pennyman. She paid, however, no attention to the words; and naturally supposed, that the report connected with her habitation was one of those which are raised by the imagination of the ignorant, respecting every dwelling which is long untenanted, or remarkable for its antiquity.

A few weeks afterwards, the words were recalled to her recollection, in a manner that surprised her. The housekeeper, with many apologies for being obliged to mention any thing that might appear so idle and absurd, came to the apartment in which her mistress was sitting, and said that two of the servants, who had accompanied her ladyship from England, had that morning given warning: and expressed a determination of quitting her ladyship's service, on account of the mysterious noises, by which they had been, night after night, disturbed and terrified. "I trust, Carter," replied Lady Pennyman, "that you have too much good sense, to

be alarmed on your own account, by any of these superstitious and visionary fears; and pray exert yourself, in endeavouring to tranquillize the apprehensions of others, and persuading them to continue in their places." The persuasions of Carter were ineffectual. The servants insisted that the noises which had alarmed them were not the operations of any earthly beings; and persevered in their resolution of returning to their native country.

The room from which the sounds were supposed to have proceeded, was at a distance from Lady Pennyman's apartments, and immediately over those which were occupied by the two female servants, who had themselves been terrified by them, and whose report had spread a general panic through the rest of the family. To quiet the alarm, Lady Pennyman resolved on leaving her own chamber for a time, and establishing herself in the one which had been lately quitted by the domestics. The room above was a long, spacious apartment, which appeared to have been for a very considerable time deserted. In the centre of the chamber was a large iron cage. It was an extraordinary piece of furniture to find in any mansion; but the legend which the servants had collected respecting it appeared to be still more extraordinary. It was said that a late proprietor of the house, a young man of enormous property, had in his minority been confined in that apartment by his uncle and guardian; and there hastened to a premature death by the privations and the cruelties to which he was exposed. Those cruelties had been practised under the pretence of necessary corrections. It was alleged, that: "He was idle, stubborn, inattentive, of an untoward disposition, which nothing but severity could improve." In his boyhood, frequent chastisement, continued application, and the refusal of every interval of relaxation, were in vain essayed to urge and goad him to the grave, and to place his uncle in possession of the inheritance. His constitution struggled with the tyranny of his unnatural relation, and wasted as it was by the unmitigated oppression, still resisted with an admirable vitality the efforts which were ingeniously aimed against his existence. As he drew nearer to the age in which he would have been legally delivered from the dangers and impositions of his uncle, his life was subjected to more violent and repeated severities. Every, even the slightest offence was succeeded by the most rigorous inflictions. The iron cage was threatened, was ordered, was set up in the upper chamber. At first, for a few weeks, it remained as an object of terror only. It was menaced that the next transgression of his guardian's wishes would be punished by a day's imprisonment in that narrow circle, without the possibility of rest, or the permission of refreshment. Twice the cage was threatened, and remitted from an affected show of mercy, and the better to cover and to palliate the premeditated enormities. The youth, who was about sixteen, from the dread of this terrible infliction applied himself with sleepless diligence to labours difficult to be accomplished; and extended—purposely extended—beyond the capacity

of the student. His lessons were exacted not in proportion to his ability, but his endeavours and his performance. The taskmaster eventually conquered. Then followed the imprisonment, and the day without food. Again the imposition was set, again executed with painful exaction, again lengthened, again discovered to be impracticable, and again visited with the iron cage, and the denial of necessary subsistence. The savage purpose of thus murdering the boy under the pretence of a strict attention to his interest or his improvement, was at last successful. The lad was declared to be incorrigible. There was a feigned necessity of more severe correction. He was sentenced to two days of captivity and privation. So long an abstinence from food and rest were more than his enfeebled frame and his broken spirit could endure; and, on his uncle's arriving with the show of an hypocritical leniency, an hour previous to the appointed time, to deliver him from the residue of his punishment, it was found that death had anticipated the false mercy, and had for ever emancipated the innocent sufferer from the tyranny of his oppressor. The wealth was won; but it was an unprofitable acquisition to him who had so dearly purchased it. "What profit is it," demands the voice of Revelation, "if a man should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul." His conscience haunted him. The form of the dead and inoffensive boy was constantly before him. His dreams represented to his view the playful and beautiful looks that won all eyes towards him, while his parents were yet alive to cheer and to delight him; and then the vision of his sleep would change, and he would see his calm suffering, and his silent tears, and his patient endurance, and his indefatigable exertions in attempting the accomplishment of desperate exactions, and his pale cheek, and his wasted limbs, and his spiritless countenance; and then at last there was the rigid, bony, and distorted form, the glazed open eye, the mouth violently compressed, and the clenched hands, on which his view had rested for a moment, when all his wicked hopes had attained their most sanguine consummation, as he surveyed the corpse of his murdered relative. These recollections banished him from his home. The mansion was left tenantless; and, till Lady Pennyman had ignorantly engaged it, all had dreaded to become the inmate of a dwelling which had been fatal to one possessor, and shunned as destructive to the tranquillity of his heir.

On the first night or two of Lady Pennyman's being established in her new apartment, she met with no interruption, nor was her sleep in the least disturbed by any of those mysterious noises in the Cage-chamber, for so it was commonly called by the family, which she had been induced to expect by the representations of the departed servants. This quiet, however, was of very short duration. One night she was awakened from her sleep, by the sound of a slow and measured step, that appeared to be pacing the chamber overhead. It continued to move backwards and forwards with nearly the same constant and regular motion for rather more than an hour: perhaps Lady Pennyman's agitation may have de-

ceived her, and induced her to think the time longer than it really was. It at length ceased: morning dawned upon her: the lady naturally felt distressed by the occurrence of the night; it was in every point of view alarming: if she doubted its being the effect of any preternatural communication, there was only another alternative, which was almost equally distressing, to suppose that there were means of entering the house, which were known to strangers, though concealed from the inhabitants. She went down to breakfast, after framing a resolution not to mention the event. Lady Pennyman and her daughters had nearly completed their breakfast, before her son, a young man who had lately returned from sea, descended from his apartment. "My dear Charles," said his mother, "I wonder you are not ashamed of your indolence and your want of gallantry, to suffer your sisters and myself to finish our breakfast before you are ready to join us." "Indeed, madam," he replied, "it is not my fault if I am late. I have not had any sleep the whole night. There have been people knocking at my door, and peeping into my room every half hour since I went up stairs to bed. I presume they wanted to see if my light was extinguished: if this be the case it is really very distressing, as I certainly never gave you any cause to suspect that I should be careless in taking so necessary a precaution; and, it is not pleasant to be represented in such a character to the domestics." "Indeed, my dear, the interruption has taken place entirely without my knowledge. I assure you it is not by any order of mine that your room has been looked into. I cannot think what could possibly induce any servant of mine to be guilty of such a liberty. Are you certain that you have not mistaken the nature and the origin of the sounds by which your sleep has been disturbed?" "Oh, no. There could have been no mistake. I was perfectly awake when the interruption first took place; and, afterwards, it was so frequently repeated as to prevent the possibility of my sleeping."

More complaints from the housekeeper: no servant would remain; every individual of the family had his tale of terror to increase the apprehensions of the rest. Lady Pennyman began to be herself alarmed. Mrs. Atkins, a very dear and approved friend, came on a visit to her. She communicated the subject which had so recently disturbed the family, and requested her advice. Mrs. Atkins, a woman devoid of every kind of superstitious fear, and of tried courage, understanding and resolution, determined at once to silence all the stories that had been fabricated respecting the Cage-room, and to allay their terrors by adopting that apartment for her own bed-chamber during the remainder of her residence at Lisle. It was in vain to oppose her purpose. She declared that no half-measure could be equally effectual: that if any of the family were to sleep there, though their rest should be perfectly undisturbed, it would have no efficacy in tranquillizing the agitation of the family, since the servants would naturally accuse either Lady Pennyman or her son of being interested witnesses, and

doubt the fact of their having reposed in the centre of the ghost's dominions, without undergoing any punishment for the temerity of their invading them. A bed was accordingly placed in the apartment. The Cage-room was rendered as comfortable as possible on so short a notice; and Mrs. Atkins retired to rest attended by her favourite spaniel, saying as she bade them all good night, "I and my dog, I flatter myself, are equal to compete with a myriad of ghosts; so let me entreat you to be under no apprehension for the safety of Ponto and myself."

Mrs. Atkins examined her chamber in every imaginable direction: she sounded every pannel of the wainscot to prove that there was no hollowness which might argue a concealed passage; and having bolted the door of the Cage-room, retired to rest, confident that she was secure against every material visiter, and totally incredulous of the airy encroachments of all spiritual things. Her assurance was doomed to be short-lived: she had only been a few minutes asleep, when her dog which lay by the bed-side, leaped howling and terrified upon the bed; the door of her chamber slowly opened, and a pale, thin, sickly youth came in, cast his eyes mildly towards her, walked up to the iron cage in the middle of the room, and then leaned in the melancholy attitude of one revolving in his mind the sorrows of a cheerless and unblest existence. After a while, he again withdrew, and retired by the way he entered. Mrs. Atkins, on witnessing his departure, felt the return of her resolution. She was reassured in her original belief in the impossibility of all spiritual visitations; she persuaded herself to believe the figure the work of some skilful impostor, and she determined on following its footsteps. She took up her chamber lamp, and hastened to put her design into execution. On reaching the door, to her infinite surprise, she discovered it to be fastened as she had herself left it on retiring to her bed. On withdrawing the bolt, and opening the door, she saw the back of the youth descending the staircase: she followed, till on reaching the foot of the stairs, the form appeared to sink into the earth.—It was in vain to attempt concealing the occurrences of the night; her voice, her manner, the impossibility of sleeping another night in the ill-omened chamber would necessarily betray that something of a painful and mysterious nature had occurred. The event was related to Lady Pennyman. She determined to remain no longer in her present habitation. The man, of whom the house had been engaged, was spoken to upon the subject. He became extremely violent, said that it was no time for the English to indulge their imaginations; insinuated something of the guillotine, and bade her, at her peril, to drop a single expression to the injury of his house. While she remained in France, no word was uttered upon the subject: she framed an excuse for her abrupt departure: another residence was offered in the vicinity of Lisle, which she engaged on the pretext of its being better calculated to the size of her family, and at once relinquished her habitation, and with it every preternatural occasion of anxiety.

MASTER MANENTE THE PHYSICIAN.

LORENZO, the elder de' Medici (as it behoves you to know,) was, (if ever there was in this world) a man, not only endowed with all manner of virtue and excellence, but a lover and rewarder of virtue in others and that in the highest degree imaginable. In his days there dwelt at Florence a certain physician, by name Master Manente della Piève, who practised both physic and surgery, but was more of a practitioner than a man of science; one, in truth, of much humour and pleasantry, but so impertinent and assuming, that there was no bearing him. Amongst his other qualifications, he was a great lover of the bottle, a hard drinker, and one who made it his boast that he was a consummate judge of good wine; and frequently, without being invited, would he go of his own accord to dine or sup with the Magnifico, who at length conceived such a dislike of him by reason of his perpetual intrusiveness and impertinence, that he could not endure his sight, and deliberated within himself in what manner he might play such a trick upon him as might effectually prevent him from repeating his usual annoyances. It happened that, one afternoon among others, the aforesaid Master Manente, having been drinking at the tavern, called Delle Bertucce, (which was his favourite haunt,) had made himself so intoxicated, that he could scarcely stand; and mine host, when it came to shutting-up time, caused him to be carried on boys' shoulders out into the street, and laid along on one of the benches in St. Martin's market-place, where he fell so sound asleep that a discharge of cannon would not have awakened him. By some chance Lorenzo was made acquainted with this accident, and, thinking it a most favourable opportunity for the accomplishment of his project, he pretended to pay no attention to the person who was his informant, but feigning a desire to go to sleep, (it being already far advanced towards midnight, and he at all times a little sleeper, making it his constant habit to stay up till about that hour,) caused two of his most faithful grooms to be

sent for to his chamber, and gave them instructions how they were to proceed; who, accordingly, well hooded and disguised, sallied forth from the palace, and went, (by Lorenzo's commission) to the place of St. Martin, where they found the sleeper still snoring most musically, whom they first placed on his legs, then muffled him, and, laying him like a wallet across their shoulders, took him away with them.

The poor physician, finding himself thus treated, full surely imagined that he was in the hands of some of his own companions, and so quietly suffered himself to be ushered, by a back door of the palace of the Medici, into the presence of the Magnifico, who was alone, waiting with incredible impatience the return of his messengers, and who now directed them to carry their load into a remote upper apartment, where, having deposited him on a feather-bed, they stripped him to his shirt, (he knowing no more of the matter than if he had been a dead man,) and, taking away with them all his habiliments, left him securely locked up in his new lodgings.

Lorenzo's next concern was to send for the buffoon Monaco—a personage remarkably well skilled in counterfeiting voices—whom, having first made him exchange his own clothes for those of the physician, and given him the necessary directions, he despatched, just as the bells were ringing for matins, to Master Manente's house in the street de Fossi. It was in the month of September, and the physician's family (consisting of a wife, an infant son, and a servant-maid,) were residing at his country-house in the Mugello, while he himself remained at Florence, but was never to be found at home except at night when he returned to sleep, making it his constant practice to dine either at a tavern, with his boon companions, or else at his friends' houses; insomuch that Monaco, having found the house key in the owner's pocket, easily let himself in, and, in great glee at the thought of at once hoaxing the doctor, and gratifying the humour of

the Magnifico, laid him down on Master Manente's bed, and went to sleep. It was nine o'clock before he woke, and then, having dressed himself again in Manente's clothes, and assuming the master's voice, he called out of the window of the court-yard to a female neighbour who dwelt opposite, saying that he felt himself very unwell, with a pain in his throat, which he had accordingly wrapped in a woollen handkerchief.

Now there was at this time great fear of the plague at Florence, where some symptoms had already discovered themselves: so that the good woman, dreading what might follow, asked him in great trepidation, what he might please to want of her? To whom he answered, that he begged for a couple of new-laid eggs, and a little fire; and then, pretending that he was too ill to support himself, withdrew from the window. The good woman made haste to provide what he wanted, and called to him as loudly as she was able, to tell him that she had placed the articles at the door of his house, and that he must come and fetch them—the which he did accordingly—at the same time exhibiting to the bystanders the appearance of a person scarcely able to totter along through exhaustion, with his mouth and throat muffled up, and altogether so pitiable an object, that all who beheld him were forced to believe that he was in the worst stage of the dreaded disorder.

The rumour soon spread through the city; and a brother of Master Manente's wife, (a goldsmith by trade—by name Niccolajo,) came running forthwith to know how the matter really stood. He knocked, and knocked again, without receiving an answer, but was assured by all the neighbours, that the poor doctor's was, without doubt, a lost case. Just at this moment Lorenzo rode by the spot on horseback, (as if by accident,) attended by a numerous troop of gentlemen, and, observing the crowd collected round the door, asked what it meant. The goldsmith replied, that he was fearful his brother-in-law, Master Manente, was attacked by the plague, and related all he had heard on the subject. Upon this, the Magni-

fico gave immediate directions that some fit attendant should be sought for to have charge of the sick man, and told Niccolajo where he might find such a person, in the hospital of St. Maria Nuova. To the hospital Niccolajo accordingly went, and found the person in question, who had already been instructed as to the part he had to perform; and who, having undertaken the office, entered the house forthwith, (by the aid of a locksmith,) and shortly afterwards opened one of the windows, and called out to inform the bystanders, that Master Manente had, in good sooth, a plague-boil on his throat as big as a peach, and was already lying at death's door. Upon hearing this, Lorenzo gave orders that the attendant should be supplied through the window, with food and all other necessities, and then departed, with great show of grief and affliction; while the attendant, having received the supply of provisions, closed the window again, and, in company with the pretended dying man, made good cheer on the victuals which were sent him, to which they added a flask or two of the choicest wine which the doctor had in his cellar.

While these things were going on, the poor abused doctor, having slept away a whole day and night, at length awoke, and finding himself in bed, and in the dark, could not imagine what place he had come to, but, calling to mind what had passed before he lost his powers of recollection, persuaded himself that, having been drinking with his friends at the Bertucce, and become intoxicated, they had carried him back to his own house, as had not unfrequently before happened to him. He therefore got out of bed under this impression, and groped his way to where he expected to have found the window, where finding none, he was in utter amazement; and, after some vain efforts to enlighten himself, not having been able to ascertain the place of either door or window in the apartment, he finished by returning to bed again, where he lay in stupid wonder, and, although half famished, afraid to call out, not knowing what mischief might follow.

Lorenzo, in the meantime, proceeding with the management of the drama, ordered the two grooms, who had before been employed by him in this service, to disguise themselves as white friars, with long hoods on their heads, and grinning Carnival masks on their faces ; and, thus accoutred, he caused one of them to arm himself with a naked sword in the one hand, and a lighted torch in the other, while the second carried two flasks of excellent wine, two loaves of bread in a napkin, two cold capons, with a piece of roasted veal, and the proper fruits of the season, with which they proceeded in silence to the doctor's apartment. The door being locked on the outside, they opened it with a loud noise, and forthwith entered—the man with the sword and torch keeping guard before the door, to prevent the escape of the prisoner, while the other, advancing to the middle of the room, slowly spread his napkin upon a little table which stood there, and placed the provisions in order.

As soon as Master Manente heard the door open, he started up in his bed, intending to run out immediately—but no sooner did he behold the strange figures of those who entered, than fear overcame him, and not a word was he able to utter. Seeing the sword and torch, he expected little short of instant death ; but a glimpse of the victuals somewhat revived him, and he sat patiently for a minute while the table was spread ; but, when that was accomplished, and the dumb friar, by signs, invited him to partake, hunger at once became more strong than any other feeling, and, leaping out of bed, he rushed voraciously to the spot, without anything on him but his shirt, till the attendant pointing to a dressing-gown and slippers which were placed on a chair beside him, he accepted the invitation to clothe himself in them ; then, taking his seat at the table, fell to work with as keen an appetite, as if he had totally forgot the surprising nature of the circumstances in which he was placed. The attendants, seeing him thus occupied, quitted the apartment with the like speed and silence as they had entered it, and, leaving him with-

out light as before, locked the door after them, and went to relate the success of their mission to the Magnifico. The doctor, meanwhile, found that hunger (like love) can see in the dark ; and the mere touch and smell of those good victuals, and those delicious wine flasks, gave him such spirits, that he said to himself, " It is well, Master Manente—things are not near so desperate as they might have been ; and come what will if I am doomed to die, I shall at least have the satisfaction of dying with my belly full." So saying, he fell to with marvellous appetite, and, having consumed the best part of the provision which was laid before him, and carefully wrapped up in the napkin, and stowed away, the remainder, to serve for a future emergency, finding nothing better to be done, and flattering himself, (in the beatitude of a well-filled stomach) with the belief, that it was a mere trick of some of his companions, who would soon return to release him, he went into bed again, where he lay for some time, thinking upon the grinning masks which had saluted him, till the very thought of them made him laugh inwardly, and at last fell asleep as soundly as before.

Early the next morning, the attendant from the hospital threw open the doctor's window, and, in a loud voice, proclaimed to the neighbours, that his patient had passed a good night ; that the boil had come to a head with the help of poultices ; and that he entertained good hopes of his recovery. So passed the day without further inquiry, and, towards evening, the Magnifico made known to his coadjutors, that an excellent opportunity had presented itself for carrying on the jest, by the accidental death of a certain young gallant, named Franciosino, who had fallen from his horse and broken his neck, in the square of St. Maria Novella, and had been laid out for interment, and buried that same evening, by the friars of the monastery, in one of the vaults without-side the principal entrance to their church. As soon as this occurrence was made known to them, together with what was Lorenzo's pleasure as to the prosecution of the adventure, they began to give effect to it by

the hospital servant in the first place, going again to the window, and declaring, in dolorous accents, that the disease had taken a new turn, and the plague-boil so much increased, that poor Manente was almost choked by it, and very unable either to eat or speak. Upon this, the goldsmith, Niccolajo, became very anxious that he should have somebody sent to him, to make his last will and testament; but he was answered that the thing was impossible for that night, but he might return the next morning, when measures might be taken for accomplishing it; and also for confessing the patient, and administering to him the sacrament. With this the goldsmith was obliged for the present to rest satisfied, and when the crowd had dispersed, the Magnifico's two grooms, who had been sent to disinter the body of the unfortunate Franciosino, brought it secretly to the doctor's house, where Monaco and his attendant as secretly received it; and, having so done, wrapped it carefully in a new linen shroud, bound its throat with bandages, which they had previously dipped in plague-ointment, belaboured the face with thumps and blows, so as to make it look swollen and livid, and laid it out on a table in the basement story, with a bonnet on its head, which was well known to be one usually worn by the doctor on solemn occasions, and strewn with orange-flowers, and then went to bed, after again drinking and laughing together heartily.

It was no sooner morning, than the attendant once more opened the case-ment, and, with abundance of tears, proclaimed to the neighbours and passengers, how Master Manente had, just at the turn of day-break, departed from this present life; so that, in an hour's time, the news had spread throughout Florence, and the brother-in-law hearing it, ran to the spot, and was acquainted by the attendant with the pretended particulars. Seeing that there was now no remedy, the next step was to take instant measures for his interment; and, for this purpose, the goldsmith first gave the requisite information to the board of health, by whom the funeral was di-

rected to take place with every proper precaution. Those to whom the charge of removing the corpse was committed, could not help remarking the great alteration of feature. This, however, was attributed entirely to the disorder of which he died, and not a doubt occurred to any of them, or to any of a numerous crowd of bystanders, who looked on at a respectful distance, smelling at sweet herbs and vinegar, while the body was tumbled into the first vault which they found open, head foremost. Nor is it to be doubted, that Master Manente's fur bonnet, which was well known to everybody present, greatly helped the illusion. The funeral being over, the goldsmith, Niccolajo, took upon himself the farther duty of acquainting his sister with the mournful event, which he did in the most soothing terms imaginable, recommending to her to remain with her young son in the country, and leave it to himself to settle the affairs of the deceased in Florence; which was arranged accordingly.

Five or six days had now passed away, during which they never failed to provide the physician with a plentiful meal every morning and evening, served up by the same men in hoods and masks, as on the first day of his imprisonment. At last, one morning, four hours before day-break, these same obsequious valets, dressed as before, opened the door of his apartment, by command of the Magnifico, and made the poor doctor get up, and slip on an under-garment of red *suguartone*, with a pair of long mariners' boots of the same materials, and a hat *à la Grecque* on his head. They then muffled him in a cloak, so that he was not able to see, led him out of his chamber, and conducted him into the court-yard, trembling all over from fright, as if he had had the quartan ague. There they lifted him from the ground, placed him in a covered litter drawn by two mules, and set forward on their journey by the gate of *La Croce*, the same two grooms leading the way on horseback, in their ordinary habits. Master Manente, as soon as he felt the motion of the carriage, was seized with new wonder and consternation. The voices of the coun-

try people, and noise of animals which they heard, as day advanced upon them, convinced him that it was not a dream. He bethought himself, however, of all things that appeared most favourable in the singular circumstances of his present condition, and allowed himself to be comforted. Meanwhile, not a word was uttered by either of his conductors, loud enough for him to hear. They stopped in the course of the day to take refreshments, and at last, about midnight, arrived at the Hermitage of Camaldoli, where they were gladly received and welcomed by the Father Guardian, and conducted by him, through his own cell, to an antichamber adjoining, and thence to a sort of study, which again opened into a little parlour, the window of which had been walled up, and which was furnished with a small truckle-bed, a desk, and a table. This last mentioned chamber was situate on the brink of a most deep and solitary precipice, inaccessible from without to both man and beast, far remote withal from any inhabited part of the convent, and where not a sound was ever heard, except of wind and thunder, and now and then of a distant bell tolling for Ave-Mary, and mass, or calling the brethren together to their meals. This place was judged by the two conductors exactly suited to their purpose. So they went back to the court-yard where they had left their unfortunate victim still locked up in the litter, from which they drew him forth, half dead with hunger and thirst, no less than with terror, and conveyed him, with scarce a sign of knowledge or understanding, to the habitation assigned him. They then once more accoutred themselves in their former habiliments, with the drawn sword and torch and grinning masks, which were now so familiar to their captive, that he felt as much joy at the sight of them as of some long-lost friend and acquaintance, more especially as they brought with them the welcome addition of a good supper to stay the cravings of his stomach, upon which he fell to like a cormorant.

We shall here take the liberty of shortening some of the details of this memorable history. The two grooms,

having delivered themselves of their charge, left him, (with directions to two lay brothers of the monastery to serve him in the same manner as they themselves had been accustomed to do,) and returned to gratify Lorenzo with a report of their proceedings. It so happened that, shortly afterwards, the Magnifico had occasion to leave Florence on affairs of state, which occupied all his thoughts and attention during an absence of several months, and caused him utterly to forget the poor doctor; and the Guardian and the monks of Camaldoli having, in all this time, received no counter-instructions, went on, from day to day, treating their prisoner precisely according to what was first enjoined them; while he, having learned to consider his captivity as quite hopeless, had gradually become in a manner reconciled to his fate, placing all his happiness in eating and drinking, (the materials for which were abundantly supplied to him,) and consuming in sleep almost all the hours which were not devoted to those noble purposes of existence. Meanwhile, certain domestic events occurred, which (we will charitably suppose) had not been at all in the contemplation of the Magnifico when he projected this memorable mystification. The supposed widow, after mourning for six months with the most exemplary patience, was, at the end of that period, persuaded to bestow her hand, together with the possessions she had derived from her late husband, upon a friend of her brother, by name Michael Angelo, who was also a goldsmith, with whom she now resided at Florence, in Master Manente's house, in all joy and festivity, and was reported to be already in a fair way of increasing the family establishment.

Things were in this state, when Lorenzo, on his return to Florence, meeting accidentally a monk of Camaldoli, who had journeyed thither after certain purposes relating to his convent, was suddenly reminded by the sight of him of Master Manente, whom he had so long forgotten, and commissioned him accordingly to carry back with him a letter which he wrote to the Guardian, containing instructions how he was to

proceed to act with his prisoner. Meanwhile, that unfortunate gentleman had generally prevailed upon his keepers to relax the extreme severity of the rules first adopted with respect to him. He was allowed the light of a lamp, which added to the gratification afforded him by the meals which were provided for him, the pleasure of *seeing* the good cheer which he tasted; and, though neither Guardian nor monks would venture so far to transgress their orders as to hold any converse with him, they permitted him to testify his gratitude for the indulgence granted him, by singing several of the airs which he used to be celebrated for his skill in chaunting among his old boon companions; besides which, he would sometimes exercise his talent of an improvisatore, and, at others, having a fine clear voice and good pronunciation, would recite some of the stanzas of Lorenzo's lately published poems, entitled *Selve d'Amore*, all which his hearers listened to with marvellous delight and satisfaction.

By this time he had nearly abandoned the hope of ever again beholding the light of the sun; when the monk whom Lorenzo had met in the streets of Florence returned, and delivered to the Father Guardian the letter that was intrusted to him; on perusal of which, that Holy Father took upon him forthwith to carry into execution the instructions contained in it. Accordingly, before day-break the next morning after, the two lay brothers, habited as before, entered the doctor's chamber, and having made him get out of bed, caused him, by signs, to clothe himself in a sailor's dress, which they brought with them for the purpose, after which they hand-cuffed and muffled him, and in that guise led him outside the gates of the monastery. Master Manente now surely thought that the end of his life was at hand, and that he should never more taste bread; but, though lamenting himself beyond measure, nevertheless, from the dread of something worse that might befall him, suffered himself to be led without resistance, wherever they pleased to carry him. For two hours or more, they accordingly dragged him along through woods and bye-places, till they arrived

near the Vernia, where, at the foot of a very large pine-tree, in the centre of a deep valley, they stopped, and after binding him fast to the trunk with vine-twigs, removing the large hat from over his eyes, and the cloak from his back, and taking off his manacles, they left him to himself, and ran away with the speed of lightning; tracing back the way they had come, and never resting till they reached Camaldoli, where nobody, in the mean while, had noticed their absence.

Master Manente, thus tied to the tree and abandoned, was filled with exceeding great fear; but, having listened for a long while, and hearing no sound of any living creature near him, began to draw his hands together, and easily slipped his ligatures. He now looked up through the branches of the tree and saw the stars shining, by which he found that he was in the open air, and at liberty. His joy at this unexpected discovery, was somewhat moderated by the new species of alarm which he experienced from the nature of his situation—alone, in an unknown, and seemingly impervious forest; nor was he by any means without apprehension of his masked conductors returning and carrying him away with them again, the Lord knew whither. By degrees, however, daylight broke upon his solitude, and so far encouraged him, that he set forward on his route by a little straggling path which he discovered among the trees, though wholly ignorant where it might chance to lead him. He had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile before he reached a wider and more trodden road, on the summit of an eminence, where he soon after met a muleteer, of whom he inquired where he was, and was answered, at La Vernia, to which his informant added, "But, what the devil! are you blind? Don't you see San Francesco before you?" Upon which, looking upwards, he beheld indeed the church of San Francesco, at the top of the hill, at no greater distance than two bow-shots from the place where he was standing.

It is impossible to describe the delight of Master Manente on finding himself once more at a spot already

familiar to him, as the scene of many a party of pleasure. He heartily thanked the muleteer, and set off full speed for the convent, which he reached in good season, and found there a Milanese gentleman, who, in travelling, had met with the misfortune of dislocating his ankle, and was about sending for a doctor from Bibbienna to come and set it. Manente, being informed of the circumstance, assured him there was no need, as he was himself a physician, and would undertake his cure in twenty-four hours; and as, notwithstanding his seaman's attire, there was that in his air and manner which inspired credit, the traveller was easily prevailed upon to accept his offer. To make this matter short, the cure was speedily completed, and the doctor having received two ducats for his fee, and having also liberally regaled himself at the expense of his patient, proceeded, in high spirits, on the road to Mugello, where, (as we have said) was his country-house, which he reached about sun-set.

Here, finding the gate shut, the first thing he did on his arrival, was to call loudly, by name, on the bailiff, who had the charge of the place when the family were absent, and was answered, in a strange voice, that the person he called had long since left that service, and was living at another farm a great way off. This answer appeared not a little strange to him, as he could not well digest the notion of his wife having taken upon her to dismiss his servants without his knowledge. He pretended, however, to the countryman who now addressed him, that he was an intimate friend of the master of the house, and intimated that he should be glad of a night's lodging. The man, seeing his strange garb, was not well satisfied what to do upon the occasion. However, he was at last prevailed upon by Master Manente's fair speaking, and admitted him into his little cabin, where he was invited to partake of the slender supper provided for the household. The doctor being resolved not to make himself known to these people, asked no questions about the family; but, seeing pen, ink, and paper, on

a table, sat down and wrote a short letter to his wife, which he gave to the labourer's son in charge to deliver the first thing in the morning at his house in Florence. He then betook himself to rest on the bed of straw, which was all the accommodation they had to offer him, and on which he soon fell asleep, notwithstanding the multitude of thoughts which now began to distract him.

Next morning, by the first dawn of day, Manente's messenger set off for Florence with the letter, and, reaching Master Manente's house by dinner-time, delivered it into the hands of his good lady, Monna Brigida, who, recognizing her husband's hand-writing, was ready to faint away on the spot. Her grief and consternation increased on perusal of the letter, and were still farther augmented by the answers which the boy returned to her inquiries concerning the person, voice, and stature of him who had sent it. She immediately sent for Michel Angelo, the goldsmith, who was no less surprised than she had been at reading the letter: but, nevertheless, holding it for certain that Manente was dead and buried, gave it as his opinion that the person who wrote it was an impostor, who had adopted this contrivance for accomplishing some unlawful purpose, either with regard to her person, or her late husband's property; the contents of the letter shortly being, that the writer informed his dearly beloved consort, how, after many and strange perils had passed, after being shut up for a twelvemonth in fear of his life, and having finally escaped by a miraculous Providence, he had at length reached his own home in safety, but was there denied admittance; begging, therefore, that she would forthwith send an order to the new bailiff to receive him, together with a change of linen, his cloak, boots, and other necessities, after which he would himself come to Florence the next day, and there, in the arms of his dear Brigida, recount to her all the particulars of the wonderful events that had befallen him.

Michel Angelo, the goldsmith, having (as has been said) made up his mind

to its being an imposture, now wrote in the name of the lady, and returned by the same messenger, a letter full of wrath, commanding the pretender to depart in God's name, or he would otherwise send the officers to lay hold of him; and this being despatched, he returned to his shop, leaving Monna Brigida at home full of suspense and half stupified.

Master Manente had passed the day in strolling to the house of a friend of his who kept poultry, about three miles off, to whom he passed himself for a traveller just arrived from Albano, and where (without making himself known to him) he purchased a pair of fat capons, which he carried back with him for his supper, fully expecting, on the return of his messenger, to be recognized as master, and admitted into his own mansion. He was not greatly delighted, therefore, at finding a very different reception, nor at the delivery of a note without seal or subscription—the contents of which were still more displeasing to him than the mode of address or delivery. His host of the preceding night gave him moreover to understand, (in no very courteous language,) that he must look out elsewhere for a lodging; a demand which the poor doctor did not stay to hear repeated, but told him he would depart immediately. His mind now began to misgive him, that he had, in good truth, made an exchange of his own personal identity, and was no longer Master Manente; insomuch that, in a voice at once the most humble and disconsolate, he entreated the countryman to tell him who was his master; whereto the countryman replied, that his master was Master Michel Angelo, the goldsmith, whose wife was Monna Brigida. He then inquired again whether this Monna Brigida had ever before been married; to which the countryman returned answer, Yes; and that her former husband, (as he had heard say,) was Master Manente, a physician, who died one day of the plague, and had left an only son, called Sandrino, (or little Alexander.) “Alas! alas!” exclaimed the physician, “what is this you tell me!” And then asked many other questions, to all which the man answered that

he was not able to inform him, being himself from the Casentino, and an entire stranger to the neighbourhood of Mugello.

Master Manente now determined with himself to leave his present quarters without further delay; and, as he had still two hours of day-light, took the road towards Florence, comforting himself with the hope that his wife and relations had been deceived by some false report of his death, but would immediately recognize him on his returning among them. He arrived late in the evening at a public house, about a mile from the city, where he rested for the night, eating only two poached eggs for his supper; and the next morning early, having discharged his reckoning, proceeded to Florence, and walked half-way through the city without being recognized by a single individual, although he met several of his old friends and acquaintances, so entirely was he metamorphosed by his seaman's habit. At last, turning the corner of the street de' Fossi, he saw his wife, leading his little boy by the hand, enter the house as they were returning from mass; and, being well assured that she also had seen him, but without showing the least sign of knowledge, his heart misgave him; and, instead of going directly home, as was his first intention, he went to Santa Croce, to find one Master Sebastiano, his confessor, thinking that he would be a good negotiator; but, upon inquiry, was told that he had gone to Bologna, upon which he was quite in despair, and could not tell what step was next to be taken.

Thus, having made the circuit of the city, through the Piazza, and both the old and new market places, and having met, among divers others of his old acquaintance, his most intimate friends, Biondo the broker, Feo the musician, Leonardo the saddler, and Master Zenobio the barber, without any of them appearing to have the least recollection of him, he became at last almost beside himself. By this it was dinner-time, and, in a state of desperation, he betook himself to his old quarters, Delle Bertucce, where the landlord, Master Amadore, was another of his most familiar companions, who, after he had

sat there some time, observed to him that he thought he had seen his face before, but could not remember where, or on what occasion; to which the mortified doctor replied that it was very likely, as he had formerly resided for some time in Florence, which he had left to go to sea, and, being now returned, intended to take up his abode here again; wherewith the said Amadore appeared to be perfectly satisfied, and asked no farther questions.

He now, having dined, resolved at all hazards to make himself known to Monna Brigida that same evening; and accordingly, when he judged it a convenient time, he sallied forth once more to the street de' Fossi, and having given two loud knocks at the door, the lady herself came to ask who was there.—To whom the poor physician answered, "It is I—open the door to me, my dear Brigida."—"And who are you?" rejoined the lady. To which Master Manente replied in a whisper, so as not to be heard by all the neighbourhood,—“Come hither, and I will tell you.”—Monna Brigida, to whom both the voice and looks of the unwelcome visitor appeared greatly to strengthen the misgivings which his letter had occasioned, declined obeying his summons, and said only, “Whosoever you are, tell it me directly, and what you want?”—"Don't you see?" answered the physician—"Is it not I—your Manente—your true and lawful husband—and are you not my wife, whom I am come back to claim, after a long and cruel absence?"—"Master Manente, my husband—you certainly are not?" said the lady, "seeing that he is dead and buried."—"How, Brigida?—dead!" rejoined the physician; "No—I never died—nor was buried?" And then he added, "Open the door quickly—for love's sake, open. Why, don't you know me again, my own dear love? Am I then so metamorphosed? Nay, open, open, and I will immediately convince you that I am still living."—"What!" said the obdurate lady; "and are you then the impudent fellow that sent me a letter yesterday? Begone! begone instantly—and a plague upon you! If my

husband returns, and finds you here, there will be the devil to pay."

A crowd of people was by this time collected round the door. Whereupon Monna Dorothea, a very decent personage who lived opposite, and had witnessed all that had passed, said to Brigida—"Have a care, daughter,—for this may well be Master Manente's spirit, seeing that, verily, he much resembles him in voice and figure. Speak to it, then, and ask it in civil language, whether or no it wants aught with thee?" Upon which Brigida, who was half inclined to believe the truth of what she now heard, began with piteous accents thus to accost him,—“Oh, blessed spirit! hast thou any thing which presses upon thy conscience? Dost thou require the office for the dead to be performed for thee? Hast thou any undischarged vow to accomplish? Say what thou wouldst have, oh gentle spirit! and then depart in peace, and in God's name.” Master Manente, hearing this invocation, was half inclined to laugh out in spite of his vexation; but he simply answered, by assuring her, that he was still living, and that she had only to open the door to be convinced that it was so. She, nevertheless, went on, crossing herself, and asking if the poor ghost required the mass of St. Gregory to be said for it; and then, also, Monna Dorothea, in like manner, chimed in with her, saying, “Spirit of grace! if so be that thou art in purgatory, declare it, in order that thy good wife may perform jubilee, and withdraw thee from the place of thy torments.” Then, making the longest signs of the cross ever seen, and repeating at every moment her “Requiescat in pace,” all the people who stood round about began by degrees to do the same, and withdraw themselves to a more awful distance; seeing which, and that there was no chance of his making any farther impression on Monna Brigida, supported as she was by her old gossiping neighbour, the poor disconsolate doctor once more quitted the field, and retreated in the direction of St. Maria Novella, while the crowd made way for him on every side, crossing themselves with all

their might, and running and tumbling over each other in their fright, no less than if they had actually beheld one risen from the dead.

For that night he again took up his old quarters at the Bertucce, intending the next morning to have recourse to the spiritual court for assistance. But, desirous to make one more trial, he proposed to his host to invite Burchiello the poet, and Biondo the broker, (than whom he had not two more intimate friends in the world) to sup with him; which mine host gladly undertook, and the invitation being as gladly accepted, they all three met at the Bertucce at the hour appointed.

At their first meeting, Burchiello exhibited some signs of recognition, particularly on hearing the sound of his voice; and Master Manente, on his feet, paid him the most marked attention, saying that he had been induced, by his reputation, thus to seek the honour of his acquaintance; for all which Burchiello thanked him with due formality. They then sat down to table; and while they were waiting for supper, Master Manente entertained them with a long fabulous narrative of his life, and the cause which had brought him hither. Burchiello had by this time whispered Biondo that he never saw so great a likeness as of this man to their old friend Manente; and that, if he had not been sure he was dead, he should say, that without doubt, it was he himself—to which Biondo fully assented.

Meanwhile mine host, having put all things in order, the salads made their appearance, accompanied by bread and two flasks of sparkling wine; upon the sight of which they left off their discourse, and set to with excellent appetites, mine host and Burchiello taking the inside of the table, and Master Manente and Biondo the opposite seats. Thus, while they ate and drank, Burchiello kept his eyes constantly fixed on the doctor, and the first thing he remarked, was his drinking two cups of wine, one immediately after the other upon his salad, which was also Master Manente's constant custom. He remained silent, however, though inwardly marvelling; and, on the arrival of

the next course, consisting of pigeons and small birds, he again remarked that the first thing done by the stranger was to separate the heads from the bodies of the birds, and eat them,—being a part of which Master Manente was likewise particularly fond. Upon this, he was just on the point of discovering himself, but restrained his intentions for the sake of still farther assurance. Lastly, when the fruit was placed on the table, consisting of pears, (*sementine*,) grapes (*sancolombane*,) and excellent *raviggiuoli*, he became perfectly satisfied; for the physician, after partaking of both the former, ended his supper without touching the *raviggiuoli*, notwithstanding all the rest of the company bestowed upon them the highest praises; Burchiello very well knowing that Master Manente had such an antipathy to this species of eatable, that he would as soon have eaten both his own hands as touched them. Upon receiving this last proof of identity, he seized him (laughingly) by the left hand, and lifting up his sleeve, discovered near the wrist the mark of a rash-er of bacon, which Master Manente had brought with him from his mother's womb; whereupon he exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Thou art Master Manente, and canst conceal it no longer;" and, throwing both his arms round his neck, embraced and kissed him.

Biondo and mine host, seeing what passed, were lost in amazement, and retreated backwards a little, that they might more securely mark what followed: Which was, that Manente replied to Burchiello's salutation, by saying, "You only, Burchiello, of all my friends and relations, have acknowledged me for what I am, and that I am indeed that very Master Manente, who never died, as was falsely reported, and is so foolishly credited by my wife, and by all Florence." At this, Amadore and Biondo waxed pale as ashes—the one crossed himself, the other followed his example, and both felt the same terror as if they had really seen the **ghost** of one departed; but Burchiello took upon him to re-assure them, saying, "My good friends, don't be frightened. Touch him, and feel him; spirits are not made of flesh and bone,

as this man is—besides which, have you not seen him eat and drink in your presence?" To which Manente added, "I am a living man, pray, don't doubt it; don't be afraid of me, my brethren! In good sooth, I never yet have known what death is. Only listen, and I will relate to you one of the most marvellous stories ever heard beneath the sun." By which, and other such like expressions, he, with Burchiello's assistance, at length so far succeeded, that, by little and little, they got the better of their terror and incredulity.

Supper being cleared away, and the doors locked to prevent intrusion, the four friends resumed their seats at the table, and Master Manente recounted to them in full the history of his strange disasters. But had no sooner concluded, than Burchiello (who was the cleverest fellow existing) said directly, "This is all a trick of Lorenzo the Magnifico." The others stoutly opposed this conclusion, declaring that the whole was most undoubtedly the effect of enchantment. Nevertheless, Burchiello, persisting in his first impression, continued, "It is not every body who knows as well as I do the fruitfulness of that man's invention, nor how impossible it is to make him forego any enterprise which he has once taken in hand. It is the very devil to have to do with one who, like him, knows everything, and has power and inclination to back all his designs." Then turning to the Doctor, he said, "I long ago suspected that he might have the heart to play you some such prank as you have related to us. Depend upon it, Master Manente, princes are always princes; and woe be to him who thinks he may presume upon their familiarity to take liberties with them."

Manente, in his turn now made his friends relate to him the history of the pretended plague, and of the man who was buried in his place with the tumour in his throat—all which things sorely perplexed him; nor was Burchiello himself able to find the clue to this part of the contrivance. At length, however, they all came to one conclusion, which was, that Master Manente had nothing for it but to commence

proceedings in the Bishop's Court for the recovery of his rights and property. And with this resolution they separated, the Doctor going along with his friend Burchiello, the other two not being yet altogether satisfied as to the reality of what they had witnessed.

In the meantime, Michel Angelo the goldsmith, on his return home, had been informed by Monna Brigida of all that had happened, which was confirmed by her sanctified neighbour, who added, moreover, that she was certain it was Master Manente's spirit, which wanted to be redeemed out of purgatory. "What spirit, what purgatory, you foolish woman!" exclaimed the angry goldsmith. "Can't you perceive that it was that same impostor, that vagabond sailor, who sent you the letter yesterday morning?" And therewithal he grew very pensive, being ill able to account for so strange an occurrence, and yet willing to give credit to any interpretation of it rather than the true one, or than to believe that Master Manente, whom he had seen dead and buried, was returned to life again.

The next morning early, having washed and trimmed his hair and beard according to the fashion of the day, and accoutred in some clothes of his friend Burchiello's which exactly fitted him, Master Manente sallied forth again into the streets of Florence; and in these, which resembled his own ordinary habits, he was seen and recognized by many; Biondo and Amadore having in the meantime circulated the report of his being alive, and returned to Florence in quest of his wife and his chattels. Among the rest, he was seen both by Niccolajo and Michel Angelo, who, notwithstanding the evidence of their senses, still continued to intrench themselves in the persuasion, that Master Manente being dead and buried, this man could not possibly be he, however strongly resembling him. So, having heard that he intended to make his claim in the Bishop's Court, they, on their part, prepared for their defence against it, to which end they furnished themselves with credentials from the officers of the board of health,

and with the proper certificate of burial.

To lose no time, that same afternoon Master Manente lodged his complaint, and took out a summons, which his brother-in-law and Michel Angelo forthwith attended; and the Vicar, (who presided as judge,) having considered on one side the proof of identity, and on the other, the produced certificates, became utterly perplexed and confounded. However, as there was clearly a dead man in the case, and it was equally clear that the person who stood before him as Master Manente, was not that dead man, he concluded that there must have been some foul play (perhaps murder) in the business, which rendered it fit for the cognizance of a criminal tribunal. For which reason, having secretly informed the Council of Eight concerning his cause of suspicion, the officers of justice were forthwith despatched to the Court, where the parties were still pleading, and where they were all arrested and and put in prison.

The next day, as soon as the Council was sitting, Master Manente was had before them, and interrogated as to all that happened, which he recounted in so minute, and at the same time artless a manner, that several of the counsellors, notwithstanding the gravity of the proceeding, and the unaccountable nature of the circumstances, could not refrain from laughing at many passages. Having finished his narrative, he was remanded to prison, and Niccolajo and Michel Angelo were, one after another, next had up and examined, who not only exactly agreed in all the circumstances of their story, but confirmed it by the production of the certificates already mentioned. They were also remanded, and the Council proceeded next to send for the hospital servant who had been present at the supposed death of Manente, and by whom it was wisely judged that some light might be cast on the mystery. But it so fell out, for the sake of the jest, that this same fellow, whose examination must have led to the detection of the whole plot had some time before wounded a man in a fray, in consequence of which he absconded, and

had never since been heard of. Thus, all things combined to further this most admirable of hoaxes. The Council then instructed their officers to make every inquiry that was possible, in order to ascertain the degree of credit due to each story; and the result of their investigation was to confirm (so far as it was possible to arrive at any conclusion) the veracity of all the witnesses.

In the meantime, Burchiello, who was most zealous in serving the cause of his friend Manente, called upon one of the members of the Council, with whom he was familiarly acquainted, and apprized him of his suspicions that the Magnifico was at the bottom of all that had happened, adding, that it was quite impossible such events could have taken place in the midst of Florence without his connivance. The magistrate in question fully adopted this view of the matter, and having communicated it the following morning to the assembled Council, it was determined to send a letter on the subject to Lorenzo himself, (who was then at the baths of Poggio,) requesting his advice and assistance at their deliberations. The letter was sent accordingly; and the parties (against none of whom any specific charge was exhibited,) dismissed for the present, with a strict prohibition to all of them from approaching within a hundred yards of the street de' Fossi, and from holding any communication with Monna Brigida, under pain of the gallows, until the question should be determined.

The Magnifico, on the receipt of the letter addressed to him by the Council of Eight, was thrown into fits of laughter, and swore that so exquisite a jest, so well contrived, and so successful in all its parts, had never been known since the foundations of the world were laid. In short, he was absolutely in ecstasies of delight and self-approbation. About a week afterwards he returned to Florence, and was waited upon the same day both by Master Manente and by his adversaries, but who neither of them obtained audience. The next day Manente renewed his visit, and found the Magnifico just sitting down to dinner, who, on seeing him, assumed an appearance of the ut-

most astonishment, saying, "In good sooth, Master Doctor, I did not expect that I should ever behold your face again, having been informed, as of a certainty, that you were dead and buried. And even now, I am not well satisfied whether you are indeed what you appear to be, or somebody else resembling him—or, in fine, some supernatural illusion." The doctor, after again and again repeating that he was not dead, but in sober reality the true living Manente, and none but himself, would have knelt and kissed the hand of the Magnifico; but he motioned him off, saying,—“Keep your distance—All I shall say at present is, that if you are the true and living Manente, as you give yourself out to be, you are very welcome; but if not, the contrary.” The doctor would then have begun to tell his whole story; but the Magnifico cut him short, saying that the present was not the proper time for it, adding, however, that, at a certain hour of the evening he should return, and he would then give him audience in his private apartment, at which time he had summoned the opposite party to attend him also.

Master Manente having thanked him, returned to his friend Burchiello, who laughed in his sleeve at what he related to him. All the parties, that evening, were punctual in their attendance according to Lorenzo's appointment, and were forthwith summoned to appear in his private chamber, where they found him surrounded by some of the chief citizens of Florence, by all of whom the physician Manente was well known, and very much regarded. Before these, both parties were now again heard, and the proofs produced on the part of the goldsmiths examined, all which excited the greatest possible astonishment and perplexity; but the narrative of Master Manente, in particular, could not be heard without its causing incredible diversion and laughter; insomuch that Lorenzo was not satisfied till he had made the physician repeat it three times successively, every repetition only serving to increase their delight and merriment, which was not at all diminished by the indignation which he displayed at the story told by

the two goldsmiths, whom he made no scruple of lauding with every term of reproach and obloquy.

By this time the Vicar made his appearance upon Lorenzo's summons, and, being received with all due reverence, took his seat by the invitation of the Magnifico, upon the bench beside him; to whom, when seated, the Magnifico thus addressed himself,—“May it please your reverence, since I know that you are already well acquainted with the difference which has arisen between these worthy persons, I need say no more on the subject, except that, having been appointed by the choice of the most honourable Council of Eight, to be arbiter of that difference, nothing more is wanting to enable me to pronounce judgment but to ascertain that Master Manente never died, and that this party whom we now have before us, is not a mere fantastic illusion, or walking dæmon; the which it is your part to make clear and manifest.”—“How, and in what manner is this to be accomplished?” cried the astonished ecclesiastic.—“That is what I will immediately make known to your reverence,” answered Lorenzo, and therewith told him that he must have the assistance of some exorcising friars, and the use of certain relics, famous for their virtue in dispelling the works of enchantment.—“You have said well,” answered the Vicar. “Give me only six or eight days to prepare, and if he then stands the test, you may securely set him down for a living man, and Master Manente *in propria persona*.”—Manente would upon this have made some observations; but the Magnifico, rising from his tribunal, prevented him, and without further remark, led the way out of the apartment, followed by the gentlemen who were present with him, and who all joined with him in heartily laughing at the strange scene they had witnessed.

The next day, the Vicar, who was a good and decent Christian, and in the odour of sanctity, (*dolcissimo religioso*,) caused it to be proclaimed through the whole bishopric, that all priests and friars who possessed relics of virtue for casting out devils, should bring them to Florence within six days, to

the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, upon pain of his high displeasure. All the country round, nothing was now talked of besides this strange occurrence, and it seemed to the two goldsmiths, no less than to Master Manente, an age while these matters were in preparation. Lorenzo, in the meanwhile, had summoned to Florence old Nepo da Galatrona, a reputed wizard of the highest celebrity; and having made him understand for what purpose he wanted him, kept him in his palace to be ready at the appointed hour. The number of relics already collected, from all the country round, at Santa Maria Maggiore, was quite surprising; and the day of trial being at length arrived, and Manente's appearance recorded, they waited only the coming of the Vicar, who, accompanied by thirty of the principal ecclesiastics, with many of the first nobility of Florence, took his seat on a kind of throne, prepared for the occasion, before which Master Manente knelt with all due reverence. While in this position, all the forms of exorcism were gone through, and all prayers and canticles proper for casting out devils, read over and chanted to him, and also plenty of holy water sprinkled, and incense burned around him; and finally, every holy relic in succession passed through his hand by the attendant servitors, without producing the slightest change of countenance or other effect perceptible; after which, making again a low reverence to the Vicar, he demanded his discharge, together with a solemn act of recognition of his identity.

Just at this point of time, however, our old friend Monaco, who, by command of Lorenzo, had been to fetch Nepo the sorcerer, and was present in the church with him, observed that it was now time to commence his operations. Whereupon Nepo, rushing forward into the midst of the assembly, exclaimed in a harsh and discordant voice, "Draw back, draw back, worthy gentlefolks, and make way for me, that I may present myself before his reverence the Vicar, and discover the truth of this mystery." Upon hearing which exclamation, and beholding the strange appearance of him who utter-

ed it—(who was a man large of stature and strong-built, of complexion olive-brown, with a bald head, a lean and meagre countenance, a black beard reaching to his girdle, and habited in rude and fantastic clothing)—all present were filled with amazement and terror, and made way for him without hesitation; who straightway advanced to the Vicar, and proclaimed aloud in the words following: "To the end that the truth may be made manifest, know ye that Master Manente, who is here present, never departed hence; and that all which has happened to him has fallen out by force of magical art, by virtue of demoniacal agency, and by the immediate contrivance of me, Nepo of Galatrona, who am able to command the devils that they do what and when it pleases me. It was I, therefore, who caused him, while lying asleep in the place of San Martino, to be transported by demons into an enchanted palace, where, in the manner that he has already explained to you, I held him in close confinement. until, one morning at day-break, I ordered him to be thence again conveyed to the forest of La Vernia, and there left him. It was I, who caused one of my familiar spirits to assume his corporeal likeness, and make it appear that he had died of the plague; and who finally suffered himself to be buried instead of him; from whence all these extraordinary events have since proceeded. All these things have I done in scorn of Master Manente, and in revenge for an injury once inflicted on me by his father, in the *Pievé* San Stefano, which he inhabited; which injury I was never able to return upon him who had committed it, by reason of a breviary which he always carried about him next his heart, in which breviary was inscribed the prayer of Saint Cyprian. And now that ye may all know the truth of these words I speak to you, go ye, and open the vault where the pretended physician was buried; and if ye do not there behold the most undoubted tokens of that which I have now delivered to you, hold me for a liar and a juggler, and sever my head from my body."

The Vicar and all present, had list-

ened to this discourse very attentively, while Master Manente, full of indignation and terror, looked at his supposed tormentor as if he could have torn him to pieces, and at the same time, like one in a dream, the by-standers, in like manner, not being able to take their eyes off from him. Whereupon the Vicar, desirous of putting an end to this strange adventure, laid his commands upon two friars of Santa Croce, and two of Saint Mark's, that they should go forthwith and examine the vault in question; who, having accordingly set themselves in motion, were followed by many other friars and priests, regular, as well as secular, in great abundance. Nepo remained during this time in the church, in company with the Vicar and with Master Manente, who, more and more alarmed the longer he staid with them, were now afraid to look him in the face, their minds misgiving them that he was either another Simon Magnus, or at least a new Malagigi. In the meantime the deputed friars, with those who had accompanied them, had reached the cemetery of Santa Maria Novella, where they sent for the Sacristan, and caused him to open the vault in which they were given to understand that the reputed corpse had been buried.

That same morning Monaco, by the command of the Magnifico, had brought from the tower of Careggi a cock-pigeon, of colour as black as pitch, the strongest and best flying bird ever witnessed, and which knew so well how to find its own pigeon-house, that it had more than once returned to it from Arezzo, and even from Pisa. This bird he had, unseen of any body, concealed within the vault, which he afterwards closed up again so carefully, that it seemed as if it had never been opened for the last ten years; insomuch that the before-mentioned Sacristan found himself obliged to have recourse to his spade and mattock to enable him to remove the earth, and lift the stone from its place; which he had no sooner accomplished, than, to the astonishment and dismay of all present, this black pigeon, which had till then remained torpid, seeing the light of the flam-

beaux, was awakened, and flew out of the vault, taking its course through the air in the direction of Careggi, where, in less than the eighth part of an hour, it recovered its home in safety.

The Sacristan, at sight of this unexpected occurrence, was so overcome by terror, that he fell backwards, pulling the stone of the sepulchre after him, so that he broke his leg in the fall, and was laid up for many days and weeks in consequence of the accident. The holy friars, and the greater part of the attendant multitude, ran back in the direction of Santa Maria Maggiore, crying out, "A miracle! a miracle!" Some declared that there had issued forth from the tomb a spirit, in likeness of a squirrel, but with wings. Others affirmed, that it was a fiery flying dragon; while others, again, would have it, that it was a devil converted into a bat. The greater part however agreed, that it was a little sucking dæmon: and there were not wanting those who were certain that they had seen its horns and its cloven feet. The Vicar, and those who remained with him in the church, were fully occupied with the various reports of those who came crowding back to them from without; and Nepo, availing himself of this confusion, and secretly favoured by Monaco and Lorenzo's servants, slipped away out of doors, and mounting an excellent hack, which he had left standing for him at no great distance, came back in safety to his own house, in Galationa, almost before his absence had been discovered.

No sooner, however, had the Vicar leisure enough to look round him, and perceive the flight of the sorcerer, than he began to cry with a loud voice, "Seize him, seize him, and let him be burned for a witch and conjuror!" But when they were able nowhere to find him, they were all fully persuaded that he had disappeared by magic. The Vicar then commanded that the relics should be taken back to the places from whence they had been brought; and, having dismissed the priests and monks in attendance, returned (accompanied by Master Manente) to the palace of the Medici.

Meanwhile, the Magnifico, who had

been duly apprized of all that passed, and made capital sport of it with a few of his familiar acquaintance, when the Vicar came up to him, calling aloud for the officers of justice to be sent after Nepo de Galationa, to have him apprehended and burned for sorcery, said to him only, "Most Reverend Vicar, let us, in God's name proceed coolly in this business of Nepo; but what say you as to Master Manente?"—"I say, verily," answered the Vicar, "that there is no longer any manner of doubt but that this is the very same, and that he never changed this life for another."—"That being the case," rejoined the Magnifico, "I am now prepared to pass sentence, to the end that these unfortunate litigants may at length be extricated from this web of entanglements." So saying, he sent for the brother goldsmiths, (who came, although very reluctantly, seeing how matters were likely to go against them) and insisted on their forthwith embracing the long-lost Manente; after which he gave judgment to the effect following, (*viz.*) That for the remainder of that day Michel Angelo should remain in possession, for the purpose of packing up all the goods and chattels which he had brought with him into the house of the physician: that Monna Brigida, with only four shifts besides her gown and petticoat, should withdraw to the house of her brother Niccolajo, and there remain till she was brought to bed: that after that event had taken place, it should be in the option of Michel Angelo to take charge of the infant, and, in case of his refusal, the physician might adopt him; or, if neither, then that it should be sent to the Innocents: that the expenses of her confinement should be entirely defrayed by Michel Angelo: that Master Manente should, in the meanwhile, re-enter into possession of his own house, and have his son restored to him; and that, at the end of the term of her confinement, Monna Brigida should return to live with him, and he be compelled to receive her back again, for better or worse, as if nothing had happened to disturb their conjugal felicity.

This was applauded by all present as a most righteous judgment; where-

upon the two goldsmiths and the physician returned their thanks with all due humility, and forthwith departed, in order to give effect to its provisions. And so complete was the reconciliation when all parties perceived that it was in vain to think of placing matters on a different footing, that they all supped together with Monna Brigida that same evening, in the house of Master Manente, Burchiello bearing them company. His reverence the Vicar was the only person among them who did not appear to be satisfied, as he had set his heart upon a bon-fire of the conjuror; but Lorenzo would not listen to him, and answered to all his solicitations, that it was much better to pursue the affair no farther, and that, as for Nepo, it was quite in vain to think of taking him, since he could, at any time he pleased, render himself invisible, or change his figure into that of a serpent, or any other animal, to the certain discomfiture of those who attempted it—a power which was permitted him (doubtless) for some wise purposes, although such as human reason was unable to fathom; added to which, the danger of provoking so great an adversary was by no means to be overlooked or despised; all which having duly considered, his reverence, (who was in the main a good-natured, easy man, by no means difficult to be persuaded,) entered at last into all his views, and declared himself fully convinced that it was the best and safest course to think no more about it. Indeed, the last of the reasons assigned by Lorenzo more powerfully affected the good Vicar than any of the preceding; nor could he help being apprehensive that he had already incurred the chastisement of some grievous malady by his mere proposal for the arrest of the sorcerer; insomuch that, until his dying day, nobody ever heard him, from that time forward, so much as pronounce the name of Nepo, or give the least hint of such a person's existence.

It is unnecessary to say more with regard to the remaining actors of this eventful drama, than that Lorenzo's judgment was punctually carried into execution, and that, Monna Brigida having, in due time, given birth to a

male offspring, the worthy goldsmith acknowledged it, and brought it up as his own until his death, which happened about ten years after, the boy was then placed in the monastery of Santa Maria Novella, and in process of time was admitted into that holy brotherhood, where he became distinguished for learning, and a celebrated preacher, for his acute reasoning and sugared eloquence known among the people by the appellation of Fra Succhiello. As for Master Manente, he never believed otherwise than in the whole truth of the story fabricated by Nepo for the occasion ; and very frequently observed, in allusion to it, that *the pear which the father eats is apt to set on edge the teeth of the son*—a saying which passed into a proverb, and has remained amongst us to the present day. Nor was he at any time, so long as he lived,

undeceived on this subject, although not only Burchiello, but Lorenzo himself, as well as Monaco, and the grooms very often delighted themselves and their friends, by recounting the whole history of this most admirable of hoaxes. He was, moreover, so thoroughly persuaded of the efficacy of the prayer of Saint Cyprian, in counteracting the effects of witchcraft, that he not only always carried it about his own person, as a preservative, but made his Brigida wear it also. And (to conclude) the worthy doctor lived many years afterwards with his loving mate, in all joy and contentedness, increasing in wealth and in children, and, every year, so long as his life lasted, celebrated the festival of Saint Cyprian, whom he adopted for his own tutelary saint, and ever held him in the highest veneration.

THE TRAVELLER.

THE MONK.

It is the custom among the Capuchin Monks, to spend part of the night in the abode of the dead ; but whether this is a penance, or a duty undertaken by the brethren in rotation, I could not learn. The following circumstance happened a few years since :

A Monk, passing a part of the night in a dismal apartment, sitting by his lamp, surrounded by the distorted countenances of the dead, thought he heard, now and then, in the interval of his devotional exercises, an unusual noise ; and looking stedfastly at that part of the room whence it proceeded; he perceived one of the dead Monks nod to him : he held up his

lamp, and the head nodded again. He then instantly ran up stairs to the convent, to acquaint the brethren with this fearful omen.

"Was it a ghost?" they inquired.

"No," said he, "it was the devil—the devil himself, who had possessed the dead Capuchin."

The Monks laughed at his fears, and persuaded him that it was a mere illusion of the imagination. He therefore summoned up his courage to return, but took care to go to a different part of these extensive galleries, where he remained in anxious suspense.

Finding however all still and motionless, he began to think he must have been alarmed at his own thoughts, and, resolving to convince himself whether his fears were false or not, he returned to his former station, and kept his eye fixed on the same dead Monk. Judge what was his astonishment, when he once more saw the head move, and nod to him! Away he ran, as may be supposed, and declared that all the saints in the calendar should not persuade him to go down again. He was so positive respecting the fact, that considerable alarm prevailed.

The Monks were called up, and eight or ten went into the apartment with candles and holy water. They were brought opposite this dead body possessed by the devil. But just as they drew up, a nod of his head put them all to flight. When the Superior was informed of this alarming affair, he was extremely angry, and said some English heretic had got in, and contrived this trick; for he would never admit the devil to be concerned, nor allow that the dead Capuchin could possibly stir; and therefore went down himself with another party.

As they descended to the galleries, their courage in some degree abated; but after advancing cautiously to the place, the Superior held up his lamp to the Monk. It was no illusion; life had indeed actually again entered the frail tenement of mortality. At that very moment the head shook violently, and fell from the body; when out sprang, not the soul of the Monk, but a living rat, which had made its nest in the skull! This fact is well known at Palermo. J. S. W.

THE MYSTIC MESSENGER.

" Who is this dark unbidden guest,
That dares intrude upon my hours of slumber.
When horrid midnight clothes the world in darkness ?"

Warren.

ON the borders of a large forest in Northumberland, there stood an ancient and gloomy building, which was called Claronville castle. It was of gothic construction, and seemed equally adapted to the purposes of defence in time of war, and of family residence in time of peace. Its situation commanded a noble prospect of the surrounding country, rich in vegetative luxuriance, and, more particularly in front, the stately fabric frowned in sullen grandeur, on the majestic forest, which peculiarly contributed to the magnificence of the scenery.

In the year 1614, the hero of our tale was suddenly summoned from abroad, to take possession of the castle, together with his family honours, on the demise of the Earl, his father, who was stated to have fallen in a skirmish, while attempting to reduce the Welch, who, at that period, were refractory to the authority of king James. At the time of his succession, Earl Harold was in the prime of life, of an agreeable person, and martial air : yet his disposition was strongly tinged with superstition. A few months after his arrival, he married a widow lady, whose personal attractions were less the objects of the earl's desire, than the splendour of her rank, and the attractions of her riches. He retained all his father's domestics, among whom was a man of the name of Jacques, than on whose countenance, nature had never on any of her sons, more strongly imprinted the marks of consummate villainy. His eyebrows met, his eyes were grey and sharp, and their hollowness was greatly increased by the hideous prominence of his cheek bones. This man having wormed himself into the confidence of his former master, attended him to Wales ; and by him was account brought home of the Earl's death, which circumstance he declared he witnessed, as he fell by his side.

There was a nobleman of the name of Ferdillan, who inhabited a castle about three miles distant from Claronville, of a haughty, gloomy, and revengeful disposition. At his calmest moments he was morose, but terrible indeed, when enraged. An intercourse had formerly subsisted between this man and earl Harold, which was terminated by the former, owing to a quarrel between the Noblemen, which, being laid before the king, he decided by commanding Ferdillan, to beg pardon on his knees of Earl Harold. The ignominy of so public a degradation, could never be endured by a man of Ferdillan's disposition ; and their former coldness degenerated into absolute hatred, so bitter on the part of the former, that he vowed the direst revenge on the earl and his family ; especially as his son, following the example of his father, had insulted him.

Previous to the insurrection in Wales, to which Ferdillan also went, several of the servants noticed with surprise, the constancy of Jacques's visit to Ferdillan's castle ; and, when questioned by them concerning it, he swore he only visited a servant maid there ; but the day preceding their departure to Wales, Jacques was entirely at Ferdillan's castle, and returned home just in time, with another servant, to attend his lordship ; and, it was noticed, that the same day that Ferdillan returned home, Jacques also returned, bringing the news of his master's decease.

These circumstances, added to a conversation in the servants' hall, in which Jacques bore a part, and was observed to waver in his account of his master's death ; as also his turning pale when one of the servants mentioned, that, during the Earl's absence, casually passing in that quarter, he heard a loud groan, issue apparently from under ground, and succeeded by a noise of scuffling,—contributed to throw

something like an air of mystery on the circumstances attending the Earl's death. About two months after this conversation, the servants being all retired to their apartments, together with the Earl and his countess, the night being clear and frosty, the Earl absorbed in thought, was sitting by his bed room window some time after his lady was asleep. On turning to go to his bed, in a distant corner of the room, he beheld, to his mingled terror and amazement, a figure, dressed in a shabby suit of soldier's clothes. In a low voice it exclaimed, "Earl Harold! Earl Harold! follow;" and motioned to go. The Earl, overcome with fear, hid his face in his mantle; at length heartily ashamed of his pusillanimity, he ventured to look up; but the figure was gone. All the ghostly legends of his youth crowding on his memory, he hastily undressed, got into bed, and courted sleep; but it was banished from his couch. In the morning he rose feverish and unrefreshed; but, to the repeated interrogations of his Countess, he answered that nothing ailed him. The next night, he again saw the mystic appearance; it repeated the former words, but receiving no answer, again disappeared. He instantly awoke the Countess, and abruptly asked, if she had seen anything? On her answering in the negative, he informed her the cause of his terror, on hearing which she was equally alarmed, but could suggest no plan to discover the cause of the anxieties. A few nights afterwards, they both beheld the same appearance. With considerable asperity, it repeated its former mandate; the terrified couple unable to answer, remained still; and, after a few moments, it again disappeared. On the Countess's suggestion, that perhaps it might be merely a trick, they both searched minutely the wainscot, but could find no entrance; they were now convinced that it was supernatural, and their terrors increased. Still they mentioned not a syllable to the servants, except one; who offered to sit up in that room by himself, and report accordingly. Having fortified himself with a bumper of brandy, he entered the room, while the Earl and Countess remained below in anxious expectation. In half an hour he ran

down stairs, breathless, with terror on his countenance, exclaiming "Oh my Lord! I've seen it; it was fifteen feet high! large saucer eyes, and was gulphing flames of blue fire!" The poor fellow sunk fainting on the floor; when he recovered, he persisted in his account, and swore he would never again enter the cursed room. They spent the night in another chamber, and rose in the morning seriously indisposed, from terror and want of rest. At last, the Earl determined to go up to London, and acquaint the king; knowing him to be curious in such matters, in order to request his advice. Accordingly he set out that day, attended by a splendid retinue for London. His rank and splendid attendance, insured him an immediate admission to the king. He found James whistling a favourite Scotch air, at the same time playing with a favourite mastiff. Bending his knee, he addressed the monarch, saying, "Earl Harold presents his duty to his sovereign." "An' wha ma' ye be?" said the king. "Your gracious majesty's liege subject, John, Earl Harold, of Northumberland." "Weel mon, rise: how goes game in your country, whilk is scarce wi' us?" Having respectfully satisfied his curiosity, he continued, "that impressed with a sense of his majesty's great wisdom in abstruse affairs, he made bold to request his advice on an affair of great moment." "Bide a wee! bide a wee!" suddenly exclaimed the king, who was looking through the window,—“Bide a wee, an' I'll ma' be hear ye; but there's Somerset's mon, wi' some braw game, an' I just want to tell the cuik how I'll ha' it dress'd.” On his return, the Earl, after stating the first appearance of the figure, proceeded, “and it was dressed in a suit of shabby soldier's clothes.” “Hold awee! hold awee!” hastily interrupted the sportive king,—“Mind ye, Harold, mind ye, a soldier's a sworn servant o' mine, so ye suldna say shabby soldiers, whilk, d'ye see is insulting me, but shabby *suit* o' soldiers claes.” The Earl bowed, and proceeded till he finished. The king, after a little thoughtfulness, suddenly interrogated Harold, “Didna ye say i' the name of the Father, Sune, an' Holy

Ghaist, what ma' ye want?" The Earl answered in the negative, that fear prevented him. "Tut, man!" said James, "what suld ye be feared o'? However, ha' no ye seen our Treatise on Dæmonology? its cost ourselves mickle labour and deep thought i' the making out; maybe ye'll fin summat that will answer your case." "Please your majesty," answered the Earl, "I have not seen it." "Weel ye soon shall! Charlie! (calling his page,) Charlie! ye ken a mickle buik, that's standing anent our royal bed room; ye'll bring it to us." Charlie soon returned with the book in question, which James presented to the Earl, saying "Gang awa hame, Harold, and I didna doubt that ye'll fin' in that buik, what will teach you how to manage this dreadfu' ghaist." The Earl kissed hands and departed; the king adding, "if ye didna find aught to suit ye in that buik, and the ghaist appears again, ye'll set out for London and tell me."

When the Earl arrived at Claronville, to his extreme vexation, he found the affair noised all over the castle; and, on enquiry, he found, that the fellow who had been so much terrified, was the author of the report; which was confirmed beyond a doubt in the eyes of the servants, by the positive refusal of the Countess to sleep in the chamber in question. Consequently, no one since the Earl's departure, had witnessed the nightly visits of the *Mystic Messenger*. Peace was banished from the castle; for, in those days, the minds of the lower orders being grossly uncultivated, save in ghostly legends, the servants found in every casual occurrence, so many confirmations of their terrors. Every lamp burnt with a blue flame, every fire shot out coffins; each sigh of the wind was changed into groans, and every distant noise was the treading of the **ghost**. The Earl carefully perused the treatise of James, but found no resolution of the cause of his fears. His solemn conjectures on spiritual visitations, and demoniacal influence, with his ghostly admonitions to wizards, witches, &c. rather enhanced, than removed his superstitions. However, he resolved once more to sleep in the

room; and, should it appear without his summoning sufficient resolution to question it, to return and seek the farther advice of James. Accordingly, at night, he secretly bent his way to the mysterious chamber, his Countess sleeping in another room, and the servants inwardly wondering at their master's boldness. Jacques, for certain reasons best known to that *worthy* servant, felt more terror, yet disguised it better than any of them. At the "witching hour" of midnight, the Earl, hearing a rustling noise, and turning to the usual place of its appearance (for one thing appeared singular to him, it always was stationed in one particular spot,) he again beheld his mysterious and unwelcome visiter. However, he was sufficiently composed to record that it spoke in a tone of anger, whilst repeating its mysterious mandate, "Harold! Harold! follow me." Unaccountable fear again sealed his lips, and closed his eyes. On opening them, --his mystic guest was gone. The Earl, exceedingly vexed, turned into bed, and, after a sleepless night, resolved to visit the king, and claim his promise. Accordingly in the morning, having summoned his domestics, he took leave of his Countess, leaving them involved in an undefinable terror of they knew not what. After a speedy journey, and the ceremony of introduction, he again found himself tête-à-tête with James, and immediately commenced the subject in hand, mentioning the re-appearance of the mysterious intruder, and his perusal of the king's treatise, without obtaining the wished for satisfaction. As soon as he had mentioned this latter circumstance, the king, with a rueful length of visage exclaimed, "Deil take it, Harold, ha' ye read it a', from beginning till end?" The Earl assured him he had most religiously perused the volume in question, from beginning to end. "Did ye na abjure the fallow?" "No, your majesty." "Would he frighten one to look on? Is na his face ghastly and corpse-like?" The Earl replied, "he believed not, but he had not particularly noticed its countenance." "Weel then," said James, after a long silence, "D'ye see, Harold, if I were sure it

wadna put me in *bodily* fear, whilk, d'ye see, is no ways pleasant, perhaps we'd gang down our royal selves wi' you." Harold rejoiced to hear his monarch speak thus ; for he really had great confidence in the physical energies of the king, independent of the consideration of the singular condescension and honour done him. He immediately returned a shower of thanks to his sovereign, in which the words *courage*, *learning*, and *generosity*, were plentifully mingled. Well, it was settled that James should accompany the Earl to Claronville, disguised under the title of Earl Glennock. The king fixed the next day for the commencement of this *spiritual* adventure, and, concluding his absence would not extend to more than two days, merely mentioned to his lords, that he wished to travel incog. a short journey. On Thursday, September the 11th, 1616, the noble couple proceeded on their journey ; and, though the conversation of James was no doubt interesting and amusing, we shall forbear noticing it here, and proceed to matters of more importance. When they arrived at the castle, James waived his distinction, and commanded the Earl to speak to him in the language of a friend to a friend ; in which character he was introduced to the Countess, who was informed, that through curiosity, he would watch in the *haunted* chamber. After supper, the Countess retired, and the Earl proposed to his royal companion to enter on their adventure. James was very far from evincing his former readiness ; however, to spare himself the appellation of a coward, he essayed to perform his part with a good grace, and, accordingly, walked, preceded by Harold, with great solemnity, to the chamber in question. They had not gone many paces when James, in something not very far from a downright fit of trembling, whispered to the Earl, " Deil take me, Harold, if I think God would let the awld ane come to plague good christians !" turning with an anxious look to the Earl, who, though inclined to be serious enough, could scarcely avoid laughing at the incipient terrors of James. He answered in the negative. " Weel," he replied, " weel,

gang and bring a sword, and pistol, and the holy buik, each, and then watch for this ghaist ;" attempting to smile, but with a countenance so rueful, that the Earl could scarcely refrain from real laughter. Having retraced their steps to the supper chamber, they obtained the above mentioned articles, and again, with anxious steps, bent their way to the mystic chamber. Eagerly they watched the hours, ten, eleven, twelve, flit away ; just as the latter had finished chiming, with sullen roar, the Earl pointed to the fatal spot in silence, and they both viewed the floor, apparently open, and the figure slowly stood upright, and, approaching James with solemn step, let fall at his feet, a letter, sealed in black, directed to " His Gracious Majesty King James ;" and then as slowly retreated to its former place, and remained stationary. In the meantime, James sat at the table, the very picture of horror ; his teeth chattering, and his knees knocking together. The letter remained unopened at his feet, till the voice of the Earl, recalling his scattered senses, urged him to take it up and read it. " Ah mon," said James, in a low tone of voice, " Wha would tak' ought to read fra' the evil ane ? Bide awee ; I'll tak' a soup of wine, and maybe I'll read it." The Earl waited till James had refreshed himself, he then took up the letter with a trembling hand, ever and anon casting a fearful glance on the mysterious figure before him, and with horror and amazement, read as follows :—

" Has your sacred majesty forgotten your ancient liege subject, Henry, Earl of Northumberland ?" The astonishment of James, at finding himself recognized, knew no bounds ; especially when the person, who mysteriously stood before him, was his quondam friend and associate, the old Earl of Northumberland.. He instantly assumed the monarch, and, while he contemplated the figure, beheld it throw aside the cloak in which it was enveloped, and display to his astonished spectators, the fine majestic towering figure of the old Earl of Northumberland, reported to have fallen in the skirmish with the Welsh ! His few grey hairs strayed gracefully over his wrinkled forehead,

and betokened the sorrow and distress to which he had been subjected. "Come forward," said the king, "and by touching our royal hand convince us you're neither dead, nor a ghaist." The Earl, majestically stalked forward, did as was directed, and then walked to his astonished son, hastily saluted him, stood back, and exclaimed, "Follow immediately, or you are all lost." "Weel," said James, "you wadna, I think, betray our sovereign majesty into the hands of ghaist, or other frightful beings ; so we'll e'en follow you." He accordingly grasped a sword and pistol, as did the young Earl ; and after being informed by their noble conductor, that their lives depended on their silence and cautiousness, both followed the Earl to a large trap door, through which he had entered, and carefully descended. They found themselves in darkness not "visible" when they reached the bottom. They were conducted silently along a narrow walk, and came to another flight of steps, which having descended led them into a kind of vault. Here their guide stopped them, and solemnly informed them, "whatever you see or hear, speak not a syllable ; but when I point with my hand, silently rise and follow me back again, or we all perish." James, in an agony of terror, silently imploring his merciful father in heaven to tak' pity on him, leaned on the Earl's arm, and again they proceeded, till, at a distance, through an aperture in the wall, they saw a light, and heard the low murmur of voices. The Earl once more put his hand to his lips, and they proceeded to the spot, and anxiously listened. "When two o'clock strikes," said a voice, "we will all proceed along the vault and passage, to the Earl's bed-chamber." "Yes," answered a voice which was instantly recognized as the villain Jacques's—"only the Earl is in his room, for he sees a **ghost** every night, he says ; so we'll e'en fire at mortal and **ghost**." "Aye," responded the first voice, "Ferdillan's anger shall rest only when Northumberland is in the adjoining vault." The Earl gave the signal for retiring, which they instantly obeyed, and soon found themselves in the chamber which they had

quitted. After a short consultation, they settled on the following plan ; they extinguished the light, drew the curtains round the bed, called up six of the men servants, and armed them. They then brought them into the chamber with their shoes off, and stationed them at proper distances round the wall, as the darkness would shade them. They were to approach behind each man who should come up to the bed, and seize and bind him, the moment they heard the report of a pistol, which they rightly enough conjectured would be fired by Ferdillan himself. The servants, by the king's own order, were not to proceed to extremities, except their own personal safety absolutely required it. Thus cautioned, they proceeded to their ambush, and remained in profound silence, till the clock struck two. In a few moments the trap door opened, and a man arose, with a dark lantern in his hand. Four others, masked and armed, followed him. They slowly proceeded to the bed and stood round it. The Earl's servants silently came from their ambush, and each took his station behind one of the assassins. Ferdillan drew aside the curtains, as did the rest, and all fixed their pistols into the bed. Instantly they were seized, thrown down, and firmly bound, back to back : the bell was rung, lights were called for, and the prisoners carried to the castle dungeons without having spoken a syllable ; for horror, amazement and passion, choked their utterance.

When they were safely secured, the Earl called for refreshments to be laid out, and then ordered the remainder of the household to bed. He shortly detailed to his anxious auditors, that, "after the before-mentioned skirmish with the Welsh, he was returning home, and had arrived, late at night, at the great gate of the castle, when he was suddenly seized by two men in masks, and, together with his servant, thrown from his horse. He immediately drew his sword and defended himself with desperation ; but was at last overpowered, and his servant killed on the spot. He was bound hand and foot, carried to a dungeon under the castle, and his victuals brought to him every day, and pushed through the iron grating, by the

villain Jacques. In this horrible situation several years had expired, when one day, walking round his solitary dungeon, he chanced to tread on a spring, and immediately a trap-door started open. This was too interesting a discovery not to be proceeded in; he accordingly descended, and groped his way through dark passages and vaults, till he found himself at the door of a subterranean chapel; and here he heard the voices of Ferdillan and Jacques consulting together, on a plan of murdering him and his son, when the title and estates were to be seized by Ferdillan. The agitated and horror-struck Earl hastily retired to his dungeon, and ruminated on what he had heard. What could an insulated prisoner like himself do to counterwork their machinations? He resolved to leave it to time, till his son came home, and, in the mean time, to find some means of communication with the bed chamber usually occupied by the owner of the castle. This, in the course of one of his subterranean peregrinations he found. Soon after, he heard that his son had arrived at the castle; and immediately commenced his endeavours to converse with him, and counteract the malice of the Earl Ferdillan. The first day that he made his appearance, we have seen that he retired unsatisfied, in a few minutes: the reason of his abrupt departure, at his several appearances, was, that he feared his enemies, finding his cell empty when they came to bring his food, might at once murder him; and, in order to prevent the danger which would be incurred by the joy and astonishment, which no doubt his sudden annunciation would occasion to his son, and knowing his nature to be superstitious, he chose that manner to unfold it gradually to him. To his infinite vexation, his son was too terrified for him ever to succeed; and he always returned a few moments after his first speech, cheerless and disappointed to his cell. As he lay concealed one night, previous to his appearance, he heard his son inform his countess of the King's intended visit; and when the room was untenanted, owing to his son's being

gone to meet the king, he went into the room, and taking the requisite materials, wrote a letter and sealed it, taking it with him, and, concluding that if he found on his next visit a stranger with his son, that stranger would be the king, he resolved to drop it at his feet; which he accordingly did as we have seen. The Earl having thus satisfied his auditor's curiosity, the king grew very merry. "I'faith, d'ye see, nane but siccan a fule as clod" (the merry andrew) "as would fear a ghaist. Aye, I'd cut in twa a hun' red thousand o' them dreadfu' ghaists! Belike, Earl, you thought for to freeten your sovereign lord King James; na such jokes for the future, or I s'all cut ye in twa d'yecsee:" which, it appears was his favourite phrase. The fatigued party, after wishing every joy to the restored Earl of Northumberland, retired to their separate chambers, to court that repose to which each had been so long a stranger. In the morning, the King commanded the conspirators to be brought before him, as he was determined himself to sit in judgment upon them; upon which they were all committed into the charge of the Earl's servants, and brought before him. The King addressed Ferdillan, who was heavily ironed,—“Rascal! what ma' ye ha' te say for yoursell? We're your Royal Master, James; and were i' the same room in which you made your traiterous attempt, close anent you?” The Earl remained speechless. “You, Jacques, murdered your fellow servant, who was attending his lord. Now list! Ferdillan, there's proof positive anent you, a murder committed with malice aforethought; whilk, by the law o' England is death; so, d'ye see, Ferdillan and Jacques will be hangit i' the morn, opposite this castle; and your companions s'all all leave the country; that is our royal sentence, an' may God ha' mercy on your sauls!” “Oh damnation!” exclaimed the frenzied Earl of Ferdillan, “die with Jacques!” He fell into the most ungovernable rage imaginable, and was carried out. During the day, a scaffold was erected opposite the great gate, where the old Earl had first been seized; and, in the morning, going into Ferdillan's

cell, found him stretched along lifeless on the ground, covered with gore. With a concealed and poisoned dagger he had committed this horrid deed. Jacques was immediately executed, and his body, together with Ferdillan's thrown into a hole in a cross road, without Christian burial ; their associates being less guilty, were banished for life. The Earl again took possession of his castle, to which was annexed, by the King's command, Ferdillan's estate and title to be assumed by the Earl of Northumberland and his heir for ever. The

next day, the King returned to London, and ratified his promise to the Earl concerning Ferdillan's estate. The old Earl lived to a good age, honoured and admired by all around, while the name of Ferdillan was never mentioned but with detestation and contempt. The Earl erected a small stone across the spot in which the wretched couple were interred, merely mentioning their names, with this solemn motto :—" He who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

THE SPECTRE BARBER.

"MANY years ago there lived in the good town of Bremen, a rich merchant, named Melchior, who was wont to stroke his chin and smile scornfully whenever he heard the parson read in the gospel of the rich man, whom, in comparison with himself, he regarded as a mere pedlar. In those rude times there prevailed a species of luxury as well as at present, though the people then looked more than their descendants to things of solid worth, and Melchior was so wealthy, that he had the floor of his banquetting room paved with dollars. Although the fellow citizens and friends of our merchant were much displeased at this piece of ambitious display, as they called it, yet it was, in reality, meant more as a mercantile speculation, than a mere boast. The cunning citizen was well aware, that those who envied and censured his apparent vanity would serve to spread reports of his wealth, and, by that means, add to his credit. His aim was completely attained; the idle capital of old dollars, wisely exposed to view in the hall, brought a large interest, by means of the silent bond for payment which it gave in all the merchant's undertakings. It became, however, at last a rock on which the welfare of the house was wrecked.

"Old Melchior died suddenly, from swallowing too much or too hastily, of some *renovating* cordial at a city feast, without being able to settle his affairs; and left all his property to his only son, in the full bloom of youth, who had just attained the age fixed by law for entering into possession of his inheritance. Francis was a noble fellow, endowed by nature with excellent qualities. He was well made, strong and robust, with a jovial, happy disposition, as if old French wine and hung beef had largely contributed to call him into existence.

"Health glowed on his cheeks, and content and youthful cheerfulness shone in his dark eyes. He was like a vigorous plant, which needs only water and a poor soil to thrive well, but which, in rich land, shoots into wasteful luxuriance without bearing fruit. The father's wealth became, as often happens,

the ruin of the son. He had scarcely begun to taste the pleasure of being the sole possessor and master of a princely fortune, when he did all in his power to get rid of it, as if it were a heavy burthen. He imitated the rich man in the scriptures to a tittle, "and fared sumptuously every day."

By this means, like Timon, the hero soon wastes his riches, and is reduced to poverty.

- - "At first he was like a drunkard, just awoke from intoxication, nearly unconscious of what had happened to him; and afterwards, like most unfortunate spendthrifts, he lived on, and felt neither grief nor shame. He had luckily saved a few relics of his mother's jewels from the general wreck of his fortune! and they kept him for a time from absolute want.

"He took lodgings in one of the most obscure parts of the town, in a narrow street, into which the beams of the sun rarely penetrated, but on the very longest days, when they glanced for a short time over the high roofs. Here he found all he wanted in his present circumscribed situation. The frugal table of his landlord satiated his hunger; at the fire side he was protected from the cold; and the roof and walls sheltered him from rain and wind. From one enemy, however, *ennui*, neither the roof nor the walls, neither the fire-side, nor the temperate enjoyments of the table, could always protect him. The crowd of worthless parasites had disappeared with his wealth, and his former friends knew him no longer. Reading was not, at that time, a general amusement nor did the people understand how to kill their hours with those brain-sick creations of the fancy, which are usually spun from the shallowest heads. There were neither sentimental, pedagogical, psychological, nor comical romances; neither popular, moral, nor entertaining tales, neither family nor monastic histories, no Robinsons either new or old; and the whole tribe of tiresome, dreaming novel inditers had not then begun to spoil good paper, and impose on printers the ungrateful task of labouring for

the grocers and tobacconists. Noble knights, indeed, even then broke their lances, and jousted in tournaments; Dietrich of Berne, Hildebrand, and Siegfried the Horney, Rumbold the strong, went in search of dragons and other monsters, and slew giants and dwarfs, each of whom was equal in strength to twelve ordinary men. The venerable Theuerdank was at that time the great model of German art and skill, and his work was the latest production of our country's intellect; but he was only admired by the *beaux esprits*, poets and philosophers of the age. Frank belonged to neither of these classes, and had therefore no other occupation but to strum on his lute, or to look out of the window and make observations on the weather; which led however to no more just conclusions, than the numerous theories of the airy meteorologists of the present day. Fortunately, he soon found a more attractive object for his observations, which filled at once the empty space in his head and heart."

This object was Mela, the only daughter of the widow Brigitta, who had been reduced from respectable circumstances to spin for a livelihood. Love taught the hitherto giddy and heedless youth all the penetration and ingenuity of another Cymon. He watched the beautiful Mela from morning to night, till his everlasting gaze led her prudent mother to conceal her more closely. He then bought a glass, and by disposing of it properly was enabled to enjoy reflected images of his adored. His lute was next brought into aid, and love soon contrived an unspoken intelligence; and an answer, by means of flowers on the side of Mela, to the tones of his music, was his dear reward. For—

"It was indeed much more difficult, in those modest times, for youths to get introduced to the daughters of a family, than at present; and Frank's forlorn condition added to those difficulties. Morning visits were not then in fashion; confidential tête à tête were followed by the loss of a young woman's reputation; walks, masquerades, balls, routs, *soups*, and all the thousand modern inventions to promote the

meeting of the sexes, were not then in existence. It was only in the secrecy of the marriage chamber that the meeting of the two sexes could take place with propriety, to explain their mutual feelings. Notwithstanding these restrictions, things took their course as well then as now. Christenings, wedding, and burials, especially in a city like Bremen, were the privileged occasions for negotiating love affairs; as the old proverb says, No marriage is consummated but another is planned. An impoverished spendthrift, however, being not a desirable son or brother-in law, our hero was invited neither to weddings, christenings, nor burials. The bye-way of influencing the lady's maid, waiting woman, or some other subordinate personage, was in Frank's case likewise blocked up, for mother Brigitta kept neither one nor the other; she carried on her little trade in lint and yarn herself, and was nearly as inseparable from her daughter as her shadow.

"Under such circumstances, it was impossible for Frank to open his heart to his beloved, either by speaking or writing."

After the language of the lute and flowers, other more direct means of communication were attempted; but, in the end, Frank resolved to render himself more worthy of Mela, by journeying to collect the scattered debts due to his rich father's estate. Mela in the mean time, has refused an offer of marriage from a wealthy brewer, ---- "whom the wittlings of the day chose to call the King of Hops, on account of his great wealth. He was a spruce young widower, whose time of mourning was just drawing to a close, and who, without offending the laws of decorum, might now look out for a second help-mate. Immediately after the decease of his late wife, he had in the greatest secrecy made a pact with his patron St. Christopher, and promised to present him with a wax candle as large as a hop-pole, if he would grant him, in a second wife, the happiness he had hoped, in vain, to find with the first!

"Scarcely had he seen the fair Mela, when he dreamt that St. Christopher

looked into his bed-room window or the second floor, and reminded him of his promise. This appeared to the lusty widower an indication from his patron saint, that great happiness would be his lot, and he resolved immediately to try his fortune.

"Early the next morning he commanded a large quantity of well-bleached wax; he then made himself as smart as possible, and sallied forth on his marriage business. He had no taste for music, and was ignorant of all the secret symbols and expressions of love; but his brewery was extensive; he had, besides, a large capital lent out at interest; a ship in the Weser, and a farm near the town. With such recommendations, he might have looked for success even without the help of St. Christopher, especially with a maiden who had no marriage portion."

Disappointed, as we have recorded, in this hope, the King of Hops marries another fair. Brigitta "would not conceal her grief for the destruction of her favourite plan, and the loss of her best hope. She became peevish, discontented and melancholy. On the day on which the King of Hops celebrated his wedding, she was particularly bad, and suffered great pain and uneasiness. When the festive train moved on towards the church, accompanied by all the pipers and trumpeters of the city, she sighed and groaned, as at the hour when she first heard that the raging waves had swallowed her husband and all his fortune. Mela saw the bridal festivities with great composure; even the beautiful jewels, the precious stones in the bridal crown, and the nine rows of large pearls round the neck of the bride, could not disturb her quiet, which is rather astonishing, as a new-coming from Paris, or some other fashionable trifle, is sufficient at times to disturb the domestic peace of whole families. Nothing diminished her happiness but the grief of her kind mother, which made her extremely uneasy.

"She tried, by a thousand little attentions and caresses to coax her into a better humour; and she succeeded so far that her poor mother became at least communicative.

"Towards the evening, when the dance began, she said, 'Oh, my daughter, you might at this moment be leading this dance! What happiness would it be for me if you rewarded me in this manner for all my care and trouble. But you have turned away from fortune when she smiled on you, and now I shall not live to accompany you to the altar.'"

"'Confide in heaven, my dear mother,' answered Mela, 'as I must, if it is there ordained that I shall go to the altar, you will live to adorn me with the bridal garment, and when the right suitor comes, my heart will soon assent.'"

"'Child, child, (replied the prudent mother) portionless maidens are not much sought after; they must accept those who will have them. Young men are, in our days, more selfish than otherwise; they only marry when when it suits themselves, and never think of the bashfulness of others. The heavens are not favourable to you, the planets have been consulted, and they are seldom auspicious to those born, as you were, in April. Let us see, what says the almanack?' 'Maidens born in this month bear kindly pleasant countenances, and are of a slender form, but they are changeable in their inclinations, like the weather, and must guard well the virgin mood. When a smiling suitor comes, let them not regret his offer.' See how well that answers! The suitor has come, and none will come hereafter, for you have rejected his offer."

"'Oh mother! mother! do not mind what the planet says; my heart tells me that I ought to love and honour the man who takes me for his wife; and if I find no such man, or am sought after by none such, I will remain single all my life, and maintain myself by the work of my hands; will keep a joyful heart, and assist and nurse you in your old age, as becomes a pious daughter. But if the man of my choice should come, then, oh mother! bless him and me, that your child may be happy; and do not ask whether he be great, honoured, and rich, but whether he loves me and is beloved.'"

“ ‘ Love, my daughter, has but a scanty larder, and is not sufficient to live on.’ ”

“ ‘ But where it exists, mother, peace and content dwell, and convert into luxuries the meanest food.’ ”

“ This inexhaustible subject kept the two females awake as long as the fiddles at the marriage feast were heard and Mother Brigitta could not help suspecting that Mela’s equanimity, which in the pride of youth and beauty made her indifferent for riches, was supported by some secret inclination of her virgin heart. And she even guessed right as to the object, though hitherto she had never suspected the lint merchant from the narrow street to occupy a place in her daughter’s heart. She had looked on him merely as a wild youth, wooing every maiden that came within his view. This discovery, therefore, gave her no pleasure, but she held her peace. According to her strict notions of morality, she thought a maiden who allowed love to enter her heart before marriage, was like a cankered apple, the maggot is within, though it may still look well outside, and serve to adorn a mantle-piece, yet it has lost its value, and hastens to destruction. The old lady now despaired of once more regaining her old station in her native city, she resigned herself to her fate, and bore in silence what she thought could not be mended.

“ The report of Mela’s having refused the rich brewer soon got abroad, and even reached the ears of Frank, who was overjoyed, for it took away all his fears, that at some time or other a rich suitor might supplant him in Mela’s heart.”

After this event, Frank is thus described at setting out on his journey :

“ The only regret he felt was occasioned by the separation from his beloved Mela. ‘ What will she think of my sudden disappearance ? ’ said he to himself ; ‘ I shall meet her no longer on her way home from church : will she not think me faithless, and banish me from her heart ? ’ this idea made him very uneasy, and for some time he could discover no means to inform her of his intentions. Inventive love, how-

ever, soon inspired him with the happy thought of communicating the cause of his absence to her, by having prayers put up for his success in that church where Mela and her mother generally attended. For this purpose he gave the priest a small sum of money, to offer up a daily prayer for a young man obliged to travel abroad, and for success in his undertaking. This prayer was to be continued till his return, when he was to purchase a thanksgiving.

“ The last time he met Mela he was dressed for his journey ; he passed quite close by her, and his salutation, more open and marked than usual, was as full of meaning as he could make it. She blushed, and mother Brigitta scolded, making many unpleasant remarks, and plainly expressed her vexation at the impudence of the young fellow, who meant to ruin her daughter’s reputation ; which theme she animadverted on the whole day. Frank, however, was not seen any longer in Bremen, and was often sought after by the most lovely eyes in his native city.

“ Mela heard the prayer read very often, that was in fact directed more for her ears than for the gates of heaven, but she paid no attention to it, so much was she grieved at the disappearance of her lover. The words which might have explained it, fell an empty sound on her ear, and she knew not what to think. At the expiration of a month or two, when her grief had become milder and his absence less tormenting, she one day had been thinking of him during the sermon, and for the first time connecting the prayer with him and his absence, and all the accompanying circumstances, she suddenly divined its meaning, wondered at her own stupidity in not before discovering it, and in her heart admired and praised the ingenious device. It is true that these prayers have no very high reputation for efficacy, and are but a weak support for those pious persons who rely upon them. The warmth of devotion is generally nearly exhausted at the end of the sermon, but in Mela it only then began ; the prayers at the end of the service gave new ardour to her piety, and she never omitted to recommend the young traveller very par-

ticularly to both his and her patron saint."

In his travels he is well but whimsically entertained at a Baron's castle; and at length reaches Antwerp, where his father's debtors reside.

"After he had recovered from the fatigues of his journey, he made some inquiries concerning the circumstances of some of his debtors, before he went to call on them. 'How is it with Peter Martens?' he asked his companions at table; 'is he still living, and does he thrive?'"

"'Peter Martens is a wealthy man,' replied one of the company, 'and drives a flourishing trade.'

"'Is Fabian, of Plurs, in good circumstances?'"

"'Oh, he scarcely knows how to employ his immense capital; he is one of the council, and his woollen manufactures give him ample profits.'

"'Is Jonathan Prishcur also in a thriving way?'"

"'He would be now worth a plum, if the Emperor Maximilian had not allowed the French to steal his bride. Jonathan had orders to furnish the lace for her marriage clothes, but the Emperor has broke his bargain with the merchant, as the bride broke her's with him. If you have a sweetheart, to whom you wish to make a present of some fine lace, I dare say,' continued the speaker, 'he will let you have what he intended for the princess at half-price.'

"'Has the house of the Bute Kante failed, or does it still carry on business?'"

"'Some years ago it was tottering, but the Spanish *Caravelles* have helped to prop it up, so that it seems now likely to stand.'

"Frank inquired after several other houses or persons on whom he had demands; he learned that the most of them, who had in his father's time stopped payment, were now flourishing, which confirmed his opinion, that a seasonable bankruptcy was a sure foundation for after prosperity. This news served to cheer up his spirits; he arranged his papers, and presented the old bills at their proper places. But he experienced from the people of Antwerp the same treatment which his

travelling fellow-citizens of the present day experience from the shop-keepers in the provincial towns of Germany: every body treats them politely, except when they come to receive money: some would know nothing of their old debts, or said they had all been settled at the time of their bankruptcy, and it was the fault of the creditor if he had not accepted payment. Others did not remember Melchior of Bremen, they opened their infallible books, and found nothing posted under that name. Some brought forth a large charge against Frank's father; and, before the expiration of three days, he was safely shut up in prison to answer for them, and was not to be released till he had paid the last farthing."

He is glad to compromise with these cheats, and leave Antwerp as poor as he entered it. He resolves to seek his fortune in Peru, but accident leads him to a small town, called Rummelsburgh, where the adventure of the Spectre Barber ensues.

We had conducted Frank, the hero, on his way back from the rascally debtors at Antwerp, to the village of Rummelsburgh. Here he took up his quarters at a

"Castle built on a steep rock, just outside the town, immediately opposite the inn, being separated from it only by the high road and a small brook. On account of its pleasant situation, it was still kept in good repair, was well furnished, and served its present possessor as a hunting seat. He often spent the day there in great splendour; but, whenever the stars appeared, he left it with all his followers, being terrified by the ghost, who roared and rattled through it all night, but was never seen or heard during the day. However unpleasant a guest this spectre might be to the lord of the castle, in other respects he was at least a perfect protection against thieves or robbers, of whom none would venture near his abode.

"It was quite dark when Frank, carrying a lantern, and accompanied by his host, with a basket, arrived at the gates of the castle. The latter had provided a good supper and a bottle of wine, which he said he would not put in the bill; he had with him

likewise two candlesticks and a pair of wax candles, for in the whole castle there was neither candlestick nor candles to be found, because nobody ever stopped there after twilight. As they were walking on, Frank (who had observed the heavy basket and the candles, which he thought would be quite useless to him, and for which he should, nevertheless, be obliged to pay) said 'The bit of candle in the lantern is sufficient for me, till I go to bed, and I hope not to awake before broad daylight, for I am very sleepy, and wish to have a long rest.'

" 'I will not conceal from you,' said the landlord, 'that report says, the castle is haunted by a spectre, who walks about at night. But you need not be afraid, we shall be quite near you : should any thing happen, you may easily call out to us, and you will find somebody immediately ready to assist you ; with us people are stirring all night, and there is always somebody at hand. I have lived here now these thirty years, and have never seen any thing. The noise which is sometimes heard at night is caused, in my opinion, by the cats and other animals which have taken possession of the garrets.'

" The landlord spoke the truth when he said he had never seen the spectre, for he took good care never to go near the castle at night, and during the day the ghost was invisible ; even now the rogue did not venture to cross the threshold. He opened the door, gave our traveller the basket with the provisions, told him where to go, and wished him good night. Frank entered the hall, without fear or awe, treating the story of the ghost as an idle gossip, or the tradition of some real event, which fancy had converted to something unnatural."

His sleep is nevertheless invaded—

" Doors were opened and shut with a terrible noise ; and as last an attempt was made on the door of Frank's retreat. Several keys were tried, and at length the right one found ; still the bars held the door, when at length, a loud crash, like a clap of thunder, burst them asunder, and the door flew open. A tall thin man entered : he

had a very black beard, was clothed in an old fashioned dress, and had a gloomy expression in his countenance ; overhanging brows gave him the appearance of deep thought. A scarlet mantle was thrown over his left shoulder, and his hat was high and pointed. He walked silently through the room with the same slow and heavy step with which he had approached, looked at the consecrated candles, and even snuffed them. Then he threw off his mantle, opened a bag which he carried under his arm, took out instruments for shaving, and began to sharpen a shining razor on a broad leather strap, which he wore on his belt.

" Frank perspired under his downy covering with fear and dread ; recommended himself to the protection of the Holy Virgin, and looked forward with great anxiety for the end of this manœuvre, not knowing whether it was meant for his beard or for his throat. To his consolation, the spectre poured water from a silver flagon into a basin of the same material, and with his bony hand beat the soap up into foaming suds ; placed a chair, and then with great earnestness, beckoned the terrified Frank from his retreat. It was no more possible to resist this meaning sign, than it generally is to resist the mute who has orders from the grand Turk to bring him the head of some exiled vizier. It is the most sensible plan, in such a case, to make a virtue of necessity, and patiently allow oneself to be throttled. Frank obeyed the order, threw off the mattress, rose from his couch, and took the assigned place on the chair.

" The spectre barber put the napkin round the neck of his trembling customer, seized his scissors, and cut off Frank's hair and beard. Then he proceeded to cover his chin, and even his head, with soap lather ; and when this was done, he shaved him smoothly, so completely so, that not a hair was left above his shoulders. When the spectre had completed this operation, he washed Frank very clean, dried him carefully, bowed, packed up his implements, resumed his scarlet cloak, and turned to depart. The consecrated candles burned perfectly bright during the whole of the proceeding, and by

the light, Frank saw in the mirror opposite him, that the barber had made him like a Chinese pagod. He was vexed at losing his beautiful brown curls, but he breathed freely, being aware that he should escape otherwise unhurt, and that the spectre had no longer any power over him.

“The man in the red cloak walked in silence as he had come towards the door, without saying a single word, and seemed quite the reverse of his gossiping brethren; scarcely had he retired three steps, however, when he stood still, looked round with a mournful mien at his well-served customer, and touched his own black beard with his hand. He repeated this ceremony three times, and the third time when he had his hand on the door. Frank began to think that the ghost wished him to do something for him, and perhaps expected from him the same service which he had rendered him.

“The barber spectre, in spite of his mournful looks, seemed more disposed to jest than earnest, and as he had played Frank a trick rather than tormented him, the latter had lost all his fear. He therefore beckoned the spectre to take the place in the chair, which he had just left. The ghost obeyed with great alacrity, threw down his cloak, laid the bag on the table, and sat down in the position of a person who is to be shaved. Frank was careful to imitate the manner in which the ghost had proceeded, cut off the beard and hair with the scissors, and soaped his whole head, while his strange companion sat as still as a statue. The awkward youth had never before had a razor in his hand, knew not how to handle it, and shaved the patient ghost so much against the grain, that the sufferer displayed the oddest grimaces. The ignorant bungler began to be afraid; he remembered the wise precept, ‘Do not meddle with another man’s business,’ but still he proceeded, as well as he could, and shaved the spectre as clean and as bald as he was himself.

“Suddenly the ghost found its tongue; ‘Kindly I thank thee for the great services thou hast rendered me; by thy means I have been released from long captivity, which, for three

hundred years, bound me within these walls, where my departed spirit was condemned to dwell, till a mortal man should retaliate on me, and treat me as I did others when I was alive.

“Know that, in times of yore, there dwelt a shameless infidel within this castle, who mocked both at priests and laymen. Count Hartman was nobody’s friend: he acknowledged neither divine nor human laws, and violated the sacred rules of hospitality. The stranger who sought refuge under his roof, the beggar who asked alms of him, was always seized and tormented. I was his barber, flattered his passions, and lived as I chose. Many a pious pilgrim, passing the gates, was invited into the castle: a bath was prepared for him, and, when he meant to enjoy himself, I took hold of him, according to orders, shaved him quite bald, and then turned him out of the castle, with scorn and mockery. In such cases, Count Hartman used to look out at the window, and to enjoy the sport, particularly if a number of malicious boys collected round the insulted pilgrim, and laughed and mocked at him, calling out after him, ‘Bald head, bald head!’ as the virulent boys of old called after the prophet.

“Once a holy pilgrim came from abroad; like a penitent he carried a heavy cross on his shoulders, and had the mark of two nails through his hands, two in his feet, and one in his side; his hair was platted like a crown of thorns. He entered, and asked for water to wash his feet, and a crust of bread. According to my custom I took him into the bath, and, without respecting his sanctified appearance, I shaved him also quite clean. But the pious pilgrim pronounced a heavy curse on me: ‘After death, reprobate! heaven and hell, and the iron gates of purgatory, shall be equally inaccessible to thy soul. It shall dwell, as a spectre, within these walls, till a wanderer unasked, shall retaliate on thee thy own evil deeds!’

“I grew sick at hearing the curse; the marrow of my bones dried up, and I decayed away gradually, till I became like a shadow; my soul at length separated from its mortal dwelling, but re-

maintained within this place, as the holy man had ordered. In vain I expected deliverance from the dreadful chains that bound me to the earth. The repose which the soul languishes for, when it is separated from the body, was denied to me, and made every year which I was obliged to pass here an age of woe. I was obliged also, as a further punishment, to continue the business which I had carried on during my lifetime. But, alas! my appearance soon made this house be deserted: it was very rarely that a pilgrim came to pass the night here, and, though I shaved every one who came, as I did you, no one would understand me, and perform for me that service which was to deliver my soul from captivity. Henceforth I shall not haunt this castle. I now go to my long desired repose. Once more I give thee my thanks, young stranger. If I had any hidden treasure at my command, they should all be thine, but I never possessed wealth. In this castle there is no treasure hidden; but listen to my advice: Tarry here till your chin and head are again covered with hair, then return to your native city, and wait on the bridge over the Weser, at the time of the autumnal equinox, for a friend, who will there meet and tell you what you must do to thrive on earth. When you enjoy affluence, remember me, and order three masses to be said for the repose of my soul on every anniversary of this day. Farewell; I now depart hence; never to return."

"With these words the spectre vanished, having sufficiently justified, by his talkativeness, his assumption of the character of barber of the castle of Rummelsburg, and left his deliverer full of astonishment at this strange adventure. For a long while he stood motionless, doubting whether the event had really happened, or whether he had been dreaming, but his bald head soon convinced him of the fact. After wasting some time in reflection, he returned to bed and slept till mid-day.

"The waggish landlord had watched from the earliest dawn for the appearance of his guest; he was ready, anticipating the bald head, to receive him

with apparent astonishment, but secret laughter, at his nightly adventure. But, when mid-day came, and Frank did not appear, he began to be uneasy and afraid that the ghost might have treated his new guest somewhat roughly, might perhaps have throttled him, or frightened him to death, and it by no means had been his intention to carry his revenge thus far. He went, therefore, accompanied by his servants, in the greatest anxiety to the castle, and hastening to the door of the room in which he had seen light on the preceding evening, he found a strange key in the door, but it was bolted inside, a precaution Frank had taken after the disappearance of the ghost. He knocked with great violence, and Frank was at last roused by the noise. At first, he thought the ghost intended to pay him a second visit. But, when he heard the voice of the landlord, begging him to give some signs of life, he rose and opened the door.

"'By G— and all the saints!' said the landlord, lifting up his hands with apparent horror, 'old Red Cloak has been here, and the tradition is no invention! How did he look? What did he do, or say?'

"Frank, who understood the cunning of the host, answered. 'The ghost looked like a man in a red cloak; what he did I cannot conceal from you, and I shall always remember his words:

"'Stranger,' said he, 'never trust the landlord—the man opposite knew very well what awaited you here. But for this, I will punish him. I shall now leave this castle; and henceforth, I will plague, torment, pinch, and harass him to the end of his life, at least, if he does not receive you in his house, and supply all your wants, till your head be again covered with hair.'

"The landlord trembled from head to foot at hearing this threat, crossed himself, and vowed by the Holy Virgin, to keep Frank in his house as long as he chose to stop, immediately conducted him home, and waited on him himself.

"Frank acquired a reputation as an exorcist, by the spectre being no longer seen in the castle. He repeatedly slept

there, and a young man of the town, who had the courage to keep him company, did not get his head shorn. When the owner of the castle learnt that the terrible spectre no longer haunted his property, he was highly pleased and sent orders to take great care of the stranger who had freed his castle from so unwelcome a guest."

The result may be foreseen, yet it is cleverly related. The waiting on the bridge, the mode of getting information, the recovery of buried treasures belonging to his father, and his happy union with Mela, are all painted in a way as amusing as the quotations we have made—

"The bridegroom went to procure the banns to be published, for in those days the wealthy and high-born were not ashamed to tell the whole world

they meant to contract the solemn engagement of marriage; and, before the expiration of a month, he led his long-loved Mela to the altar, with so much pomp and solemnity, as very far to outshine even the splendid wedding of the rich brewer.

"Mother Brigitta had the satisfaction to see her daughter united to a wealthy and deserving young man; and to enjoy, in the evening of her life, that opulence she had so long wished for; and Mother Brigitta deserved her good fortune, for she turned out the least troublesome mother-in-law that ever existed."

With this conclusion we consign these volumes to the popularity which they merit, and which we are pretty certain awaits them.

THE MONITOR.

The death-watch tick'd, and the Spanish-bell toll'd,
Ding! dong! boom!

Excerpts of a Night.

THESE are some people, particularly simple old men and women, whose greatest delight seems to consist in reciting legendary tales, appearances of ghosts, signs, &c. and who are never at heart's ease, until they have awakened in the minds of the uninformed, and weaker part of the human family, all those dormant fears which can be called into action, by tales of terror. With such people I have no patience; as I consider them pests in society, and evils which should be shunned by all.

Without a doubt, much injury has been done to the sick and hypochondriac, by exciting in their minds these superstitious and groundless fears; and I would not hesitate to spurn from my threshold, any one who would relate such foolish stories in the hearing of my children; as I well remember when I was a child, after listening with avidity to the tales, and signs, and wonders, and lights, and shadows, of old Aunt Mabel, my hair would stand on end "like the quills of the prickly porcupine," and I would be agitated with fear the long night.

I remember once, that Miss Credulous, one of these good-natured, sign-dreading old maids, called at our house, and, seating herself between Buckey, me, and the cat, recounted in glowing colours, the tale of a ghost that she protested she had seen the night before; but which I, not choosing to believe, contradicted in positive terms. She insisted however it was true as holy writ, and thus endeavoured to substantiate her argument:

"Did not Samuel appear to Saul, at the summons of the witch of Endor? Did not Cæsar twice present himself to the astonished vision of Brutus, just before the battle of Philippi? And have not volumes been published, announcing the fact of numberless spirits of the departed, appearing at different times? With such incontestable evidence before you, will you longer doubt the truth of my assertion?"

"Yes," said I, firmly.

"Then doubt and tremble!" said the old lady; and immediately arose, seized the latch of the door, casting a 'longing, lingering, look behind,' threatened with her eye some dire calamity; and with the words "you will be convinced before you die!" departed.

Scarcely had the noise of her retreating footsteps ceased to sound upon our ears, than the tremendous howling of a dog aroused us from the silence into which her awful language had thrown us.

"O dear! oh me!" cried Buckey, "do you hear that dog? somebody is certainly going to die; I hope it is not howling for me! oh mercy!"

"Nor for me either," thought I.

It was a most plaintive cry; 'twas long, and loud, mournful; and seemed to breathe the full deep sigh of the poor matiff's sad heart (if dogs can be said to have any hearts). Another howl—Buckey groaned; and I hung my head. And yet another; and I groaned, and I trembled. The fire began to flicker, and ten thousand blue lights, and behold the room was curled a frightful winding sheet, and by degrees became quite dim. We surveyed each other with a wistful eye; and, oh, ye powers of darkness! the death-watch sounded in our ears, and the ponderous tongue, in the middle Dutch steeple, saluted the sides of the bell, and struck, heaven knows how many times. Presently, the sky, which but a moment before twinkled with the lamps of glory, (I do not mean the city lamps—they are not often guilty of such naughty tricks,) was suddenly shrouded in black; the

"thunder drum" rolled its awful peal—the lightning hurried in quick succession; the rain began to fall in copious torrents, and the wind joined the shivering dog in a duet, if not so sweet as that of Pearman and Ritchings, was louder, and more awfully grand. Three hollow and sepulchral knocks at the door, aroused us from the amazement into which the wonder around had steeped us.

"Here's old Sam himself!" ejaculated Buckey.

I took the poker in my hand, and with doubtful, faltering steps approached the door. It creaked dolefully upon its hinges, as I opened it, and a tremendous white cat ran into the room. It sprang upon the dining-table, and after fixing its fiery eyes upon Buckey and me, bent its head in a thoughtful posture for a moment, and uttering exactly three lamentable mews, darted like lightning up the chimney, and has not since been seen. Buckey started with affright, and upset the salt-seller; while I threw myself into a chair, and accidentally crossed my feet. Just at that moment, the furniture cracked, and a cow bellowed. Buckey began to cry, and was so much alarmed, that she thought doomsday near: and, to tell you the truth, Messrs. Editors, I did not think it was far off myself.

"Some terrible calamity is about to befall this neighbourhood," said Buckey, shaking all over like an aspen-leaf.

"I believe there is," returned I; "'tis very strange."

"Strange? 'tis horrible!" sighed Buckey, "I shall certainly die soon."

"And so shall I," was my answer; when accidentally turning my head, I discovered our poor old cat (which had been a silent spectator of the passing events of the evening) in convulsions; and she soon went the way of all—cats!

But now the scene was changed. The dog ceased his howling, the elements were still, and even the melancholy cow was heard no more. The clock struck the ghostly hour of twelve; and after paying the last sad tribute of respect to poor Fuss, by throwing her remains in the street, we retired to bed, taking good care first to look under it, and then in the closet, not forgetting the chimney, then covered up our heads, and Morpheus lulled us in his arms.

On the morrow, all the old women in the neighbourhood, at Buckey's invitation, assembled at our house, and gravely examining their dream books, wisely predicted some direful events—"horrid war," "sudden death," "procrastinated misfortune," sounded repeatedly on their withered lips. Some terrible catastrophe was looked for; but happily it never made its appearance.

On the contrary, nothing but good fortune has attended us since that moment; and we are so far incredulous, that we do not attribute any of the events of that evening to supernatural agency; notwithstanding, Mrs. Doubtful gave it as her opinion that Miss Credulous had caused the obedient furies to do their best to convince my stubborn understanding that her ghost story was true.

EDWARD.

(New Mon. June.)

THE PHYSICIAN---NO. VII.

OF THE TOOTH-ACHE.

ZACUTUS Lusitanus relates, that a soldier, after overheating himself in summer, was afflicted with such violent tooth-ache in three teeth of the upper jaw, that he ran out of the house with hideous cries, in a state resembling raving madness. He adds, that all sorts of drawing remedies were first applied, and afterwards opiates and opium itself, to the teeth; but they had no other effect than that of increasing the pain. At length, he chanced to put into his mouth some of the snow that was used for cooling the water in very hot weather; and having repeated this several times, the aching ceased in about an hour. Several others, according to the same writer, received relief from a similar application.

No instance can prove more decidedly how great and essential a difference there is between the different species of tooth-ache, and how much it behoves a medical man to enquire into the real cause of the complaint and to apply remedies accordingly: for nothing is more certain than that the application which relieved this soldier, so far from giving ease in many other species of tooth-ache, would only serve to aggravate the evil.

In the present case, an inflammation occasioned by overheating was the cause of the tooth-ache; and had the doctor been aware of this circumstance, he would not have attempted a cure by drawing-remedies or opiates. The poor patient, who this time

escaped from his method, should have been treated in the manner that I am about to prescribe for that kind of tooth-ache which arises from inflammation of the nervous parts, or the membrane that envelopes the tooth.

It is first necessary to ascertain the symptoms by which this species of tooth-ache manifests itself. The constitution, age, and way of life of the patient, furnish the first general data. Young persons of a plethoric habit, who overheat themselves, either by bodily exertion, by stimulating food or drink, by late hours, or other irregularities; persons who have been accustomed to lose blood, and have neglected to continue the practice; or who have been disposed to abundant natural hemorrhages, which have ceased,—are most liable to this species of tooth-ache. In such cases the pain usually comes on suddenly, and in general after the patient has been greatly heated. The pulse is hard and full, the face red, and the mouth uncommonly hot. It is accompanied with high fever and violent head-ache; the gums are swollen and inflamed, and biles are sometimes formed in them. The humours are sometimes determined to the external parts, when the cheek swells and the pain abates; hence, in such cases, when the cheek begins to swell, it is generally considered as a sign that the pain will soon subside. It happens, however, sometimes, that, notwithstanding the swelling, the pain continues, and then this may be called

rather an aggravation than an alleviation of the complaint. If it is not the nerve of the tooth that is inflamed, but only the membrane covering that part of the tooth which is fixed in the socket, the tooth may be exposed to heat or cold without any increase of the pain, as the above-quoted example of the soldier demonstrates; and in this case all spirituous remedies are pernicious. This complaint should rather be treated as an inflammatory disorder, and recourse had forthwith to bleeding, which commonly affords immediate relief. This is, indeed, the safest and almost the only resource; but scarifying the gums may also prove beneficial. After losing blood, the patient should observe a cooling diet, with occasional foot-baths and cathartics. Though the pain arising from this cause may not be very violent, yet it lasts a long time, and returns with every fresh occasion, when a person overheats himself either by vehement exercise, or by eating highly seasoned food, or drinking wine, spirits, coffee, &c. On such a recurrence of the complaint, the first remedy to be resorted to is letting blood; for without it all others would be unavailing. Bathing the feet every night in hot water; half a dram of saltpetre, taken in water at going to bed, and wine, especially in the evening, are means by which many people have got rid of the most obstinate tooth-aches.

In this species of tooth-ache all heating medicines are detrimental; and opium, treacle, and the like, instead of alleviating, have frequently been found to increase the pain.

As to external remedies, I have already observed that spirits and essences are not adapted to this case. Cooling and emollient applications alone must be employed. To the first class belonged the snow used by the soldier: but snow and ice are not absolutely necessary. Medical men will know, and I have frequently seen, that in this species of tooth-ache, but in this alone, a bit of saltpetre put to the aching tooth, or a little Epsom salt held in the mouth, drives away the pain as speedily as the snow did in the case quoted above. To the emollients belong warm water,

milk, figs boiled in milk, barley-water, and the like, which many practitioners prefer in this instance to any other remedies. Emollient poultices may also be applied with benefit to the cheek on the ailing side. I have known a dentist make a speedy cure of this kind of tooth-ache, by a poultice of crumbs of bread boiled in water, and applied to the cheek as hot as it could be borne. At first the pain is increased by it, but presently it is completely dispelled.

If the complaint is attended with gum-biles, it is advisable to keep milk, or figs boiled in milk, constantly in the mouth, to bring them to maturity. When ripe, they should be opened—an operation which is not productive of any pain.

Pregnant females and nurses are subject to this species of tooth-ache, because they are plethoric, and liable to overheat themselves. The same mode of cure must be followed in regard to them; and though the patient may at the same time have one or more hollow teeth, I should not recommend extraction during pregnancy.

I now proceed to the catarrhal tooth-ache, the diagnostics of which are as follows:—The pain is commonly occasioned by taking cold and by obstructed perspiration, whether the teeth be decayed or not. It is not a single tooth that aches, but the whole side of the jaw; and when this side swells, the aching in general ceases. The gums are somewhat swollen, and there is a copious secretion of saliva, attended with the usual symptoms of catarrh and cold, cough, stoppage of the head, sore throat, &c. The aching is commonly less violent than in the species already described. The pulse is neither strong, full, nor quick; and the mouth is not particularly hot.

For this complaint I should prescribe a cathartic, composed of a scruple of jalap, senna, and cream of tartar, which operates with sufficient effect, and afterwards a diet-drink to purify and sweeten the blood. By these means alone the most obstinate tooth-ache of this kind is sometimes cured: but should it not be dispelled by them, recourse must be had, after purging, to

sedatives, such as mithridate, styrax pills, and opium, which are admirably adapted to this particular case. All that can be done besides to promote the cure, consists in the administration of such medicines as are either calculated to restore the obstructed perspiration, or to carry off the catarrhal humours by other channels,—for instance, by the saliva, by blisters, and by the topical perspiration of the affected part. For the better information of the reader, I shall take some notice of each of these kinds of remedies.

Mr. Renstrom saw, in Sweden, a violent tooth-ache, proceeding from catarrh, cured in the following manner. —About ten gallons of pure fresh spring-water were boiled in a tinned pot and then poured into a deep pan set on a chair, before which the patient placed himself, opening his mouth, and holding his head down over the pan. Over his head, neck, and the vessel, was thrown a cloth so large and thick as to prevent the escape of the vapour. It was of course received by the mouth of the patient, whose face was immediately dripping with perspiration. The ailing tooth felt quite cold, and from his mouth, which he was required to keep constantly open, ran a great quantity of water. After this operation had lasted about a quarter of an hour, the perspiration was carefully wiped off, and his mouth and chin were muffled up with a cloth for some time to keep out the cold, and the cure was accomplished. The perspiration, the copious secretion of saliva, and the emollient vapour, produce this effect, which has been verified by repeated experiments.

Blisters of Spanish flies are also serviceable for drawing off part of the sharp catarrhal humour. It has been observed that is astonishing how the abduction of so small a quantity of humour as passes off in this manner, or through the secretion of saliva, can dispel such a severe pain: we know, however, that it does produce this effect, and it is of little consequence whether we comprehend the manner in which it takes place. Possibly the renewal of the perspiration which it effects, and perhaps also the continued pain which it occasions, and which draws away the

humours from the teeth, may be a co-operating cause of the rapid cure accomplished by this remedy. A blister may be placed on the nape of the neck, or any other part: and instead of Spanish flies the other stimulants recommended in my last paper may be used.

To promote the secretion of saliva and thereby procure an outlet for the catarrhal matter, various stimulants are employed with great benefit. The roots of pellitory (*radix pyrethri*) and of master-wort (*rad. imperatoriae*), are serviceable for this purpose; likewise tobacco, pepper, ginger, cloves, cinnamon, chewed and kept in the mouth, the root of wild marjoram (*rad. origani*) boiled in vinegar, and held in the mouth as warm as it can be borne, and a decoction of equal parts of rosemary and ivy in vinegar diluted with water, held lukewarm in the mouth. Tobacco smoke itself has a good effect in these cases, partly because it promotes saliva, and partly because it possesses a narcotic quality.

To promote the transpiration in the neighbouring parts, warm wrappers and bags of herbs applied to the cheeks are exceedingly serviceable in this species of tooth-ache. For this purpose, fumigate flannels with amber, sugar, frankincense, and the like, and wrap them about the face: or apply small bags containing bean-meal, chamomile, and elder-flowers, violet, and iris-root, reduced to powder, and mixed together. Some add camphor and gum animæ. There is a great number of such compositions to choose from. I merely mention some of each sort of remedies, to indicate more precisely in which species of tooth-ache they are respectively beneficial.

Catarrhal tooth-ache is frequently occasioned by weakness of the stomach; and Tissot states, from manifold experience, that the severity of the complaint is often increased by the use of cooling applications. This causes the patient to be more assiduous in the employment of them, and thereby the pain is only rendered more and more acute. In this case he should abstain from all cooling remedies and adhere only to such as strengthen the stomach and tend to strengthen perspiration.

Here the use of bark is very efficacious; and sometimes persons not accustomed to drink wine, obtain relief from their pain by beginning to take it; but nothing eases this species of tooth-ache proceeding from the stomach so speedily as an emetic; nay, spontaneous vomiting has frequently been known to cure it immediately, even when most severe.

Tooth-ache occasioned by the stomach may be known by the following diagnostics. This complaint is commonly catarrhal, and is attended with the symptoms of disorders of that class. With these are associated the signs of a weak stomach and imperfect digestion. In many instances it is accompanied with head-ache, want of appetite, and a feeling of general illness. Patients who pay particular attention to their state, have a disposition to vomit. The surest sign is, that such tooth-ache is periodical, and returns regularly like the paroxysms of the ague. In all such cases, to effect a thorough cure, recourse must first be had to emetics, or digestives and cathartics of a warming nature, and afterwards to tonics and Peruvian bark.

Scorbutic tooth-ache, which proceeds from a peculiar depravation of the juices in general, but perhaps originates more frequently than it is imagined, solely in an obstruction and corruption of the humours in the gums, is painful and of long duration, and requires a peculiar treatment.

In this disorder, the gums become itchy, swell and bleed at the slightest touch, and the breath grows offensive. The gums soon turn livid, soft, spongy, full of blisters, and putrid; and other symptoms of scurvy manifest themselves. The teeth are left bare by the gums, become black, loose, and sometimes drop out without pain. Sometimes the jaw itself is attacked; ulcers appear on the gums, and the intolerable itching is frequently accompanied with violent tooth-ache.

When the great mass of the humours is really scorbutic, the mode of treatment for scurvy must be adopted, in order to effect a radical cure of this species of tooth-ache. This is not the proper place for entering into the de-

tails of that treatment. So much, however, may be observed, that, in regard to diet, the use of horse-radish, cress, purslain, sorrel, scurvy-grass, and acids of all kinds, is strongly recommended. The mouth should be frequently washed in red wine, in which wild pomegranate flowers have been boiled. The gums, when swollen and livid, should be opened with a pair of scissors, or pricked with a tooth-pick, and the blood expressed from them; and they should then be rubbed with honey of roses, or warm wine. When the gums are ulcerated, the mouth should be frequently washed with a decoction of hyssop, sage, scurvy-grass, rosemary and the like, in water mixed with wine, to which a little spirit of scurvy-grass may afterwards be added. Sulphuric acid diluted in water, or spirit of salt mixed with honey of roses, is also serviceable for rubbing the gums; but it is better that these applications should not come in contact with the teeth. The juice of limes and pomegranates is considered still more efficacious; and the frequent chewing of scurvy-grass, sorrel, and water-cresses, is also recommended.

Against the aching of the teeth in this disorder, some medical men extol the effects of brandy in which myrrh has been for some hours infused, and which is to be applied to the aching tooth. Some prescribe a decoction of myrrh in wine, mixed with a little sweet oil for rubbing the gums and teeth, to fasten the latter and to preserve them from decay.

Many other remedies are employed to counteract putridity of the gums and looseness of the teeth. I will describe some of them. Two drams of gum-lac, one dram of whiting, and ten grains of red rose leaves, are reduced to a fine powder, which is either applied as a salve to the gums, mixed with a little honey of roses, or as a lotion with a decoction of red rose leaves, tormentil root, &c. in red wine.

To prevent putrefaction of the gums and looseness of the teeth, recourse must be had to such applications as I have specified in my last paper for the preservation of sound teeth. In addi-

tion to them, the chewing of tobacco is recommended as the surest preservative. It must be used, however, with moderation: four grains of the leaf are sufficient at one time, and this must not be taken oftener than once a day. Nor kept in the mouth longer than a quarter of an hour. The betel-nut or wild pepper, which, as every body knows, is chewed all over the East Indies, possesses the peculiar properties of staining the lips red, cleansing the gums, and contributing to the preservation of the teeth, though indeed it turns them black.

Tooth-ache may proceed from a gouty affection, when the gouty humour either retrocedes from the joints, or is flying about the body, before it has fixed in any part. The symptoms of the irregular or misplaced gout characterize this species of tooth-ache, which is more of a raging pain than the ordinary kind of that complaint. I shall give a brief account of the general mode of treatment for this disorder.

After the patient has been bled, he should next morning take a cathartic. A blister must be applied to the nape of the neck, and kept drawing so long as the importance of the case requires it. At the same time all possible means, internal and external, must be used for driving the humour into the members.

To expel as speedily as possible any gouty humour that has already settled in the teeth, the patient should chew and keep in his mouth scraped horse-radish, which occasions a copious flow of saliva. When the excessive pain absolutely requires the extraction of the tooth, the place which it occupied should be washed with water in which honey and salt have been dissolved, and the tooth replaced. The practitioner, however, need not tie himself down to the procedure here described, but may pursue any other that is equally applicable in its stead.

To the Physician.

SIR,—Your papers seem to me to evince a liberality of principle which induces me to propose to you to take some public notice of a communication which I have just received from a friend on the Continent. It relates to a subject of considerable interest—an infalli-

ble cure for a painful disorder, which, if verified by experience, would cut off an important branch of the practice of you medical gentlemen, and relieve your unfortunate patients at the expense of nothing more than a sufficient dose of faith and prayer.

There is not, I should presume, a member of your profession in the United Kingdom, but is acquainted with the history of the wonderful cure of a nun belonging to some Catholic institution or other in Essex, through the interposition of a German prince, Alexander von Hohenlohe, as attested by the learned physician to the establishment. Be it farther known then to you, and to all whom it may concern, that the said prince of Hohenlohe has recently published at Bamberg a religious tract, to which is appended a paper, which serves to let the initiated into the secret of his process for the cure of bodily diseases, and incontestably proves that our most notorious nostrum mongers, our Brodums, our Solomons, our Williamses, and our Whitelaws, are mere fools in comparison with this prince of quacks and miracle-workers.

The paper in question, which bears the title of *An Effective Prayer against Gout* (or *Palsy*, for the German word includes both disorders) is as follows:—

“In the name of God the Father, &c. &c. &c. Amen.

“I, N. N. conjure thee, gout, by the holy five wounds, and by the innocent blood of my Lord Jesus Christ, which flowed out of his holy five wounds for the salvation of us men on earth + + +. I conjure thee, gout, by the last judgment and by the severe sentence which God will pronounce on all mankind, and on all sinners, male and female, that thou harm not any of the members of my body—neither my brain, nor my eyes, nor my shoulders, nor my back, nor my heart, nor my loins, nor my arms, nor my thighs, nor my legs, nor my toes, nor any of the members of my whole body + + +. I conjure thee, gout, by the three nails which were driven through the blessed hands and feet of Jesus Christ, by the saints who stood on both sides of the cross of our Redeemer Jesus Christ at the time of his crucifixion, namely, the

most Blessed Virgin and Mother of God, Mary, St. John, and all the saints who were present at the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ. In this confidence I trust that, through the intercession of St. Barbara, God will, if it be conducive to my salvation, avert the gout from me, and confer on me all good things. Ah! gracious Lord, save me, I pray thee, from this disease, the gout. I pray thee by the cords, bonds, and nails by which our Redeemer was secured, bound and nailed to the holy cross, that + + + for the sake of his sufferings he would bestow his grace upon me and all men + + +. I conjure thee, gout, that thou depart, by the divine love in heaven and on earth + + +. May every species of this disease depart from me, whether it be— [here follow some of these species, for which I shall not pretend to give you the technical appellations, but merely a literal translation of the original]—the cold gout, the running gout, the burning gout, the raging gout, the flying gout, the gout in the loins, the gout in the side, the seventy-seven gouts, that they do no harm to my body. So help me the holy divine power, with which Jesus Christ suffered his cruel death on the cross, in his holy grave in which he himself lay, and whence he gloriously rose, and has redeemed the human race. Dearest Lord and Saviour, make me sound in soul and body! Grant this, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost! Amen.”

“Whoever hath the gout, let him come and turn to the recollection of the sufferings of Jesus, and to the name *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum*. Whoever reads or has read it, whether our friend or foe, brother or sister, and carries this prayer with him, and lives according to its precepts, will be delivered from the gout, and not be attacked by it; for he who suffered the shameful death of the holy cross was

our blessed Lord Jesus Christ: this is the Lord of heaven and earth; he condescends to relieve us and to take away the gout from us, so that we may never have it again, or to preserve us from it altogether.

“Let every one say, as long as he lives, every day in honour of the members of Jesus Christ, five Paternosters and five Ave marias, together with the Creed.”

Such, observes my friend, is the prayer and such the direction appended at Bamberg in the year 1822, to a religious tract destined for the use of the lower classes, and which bears on the face of it the name of the Prince of Hohenlohe. Should it be really by this prince, priest and worker of miracles, gouty believers will at least feel deeply indebted to him for making them acquainted with this remedy, and thus sparing them the trouble and expense of a journey to his reverence—unless, indeed, he may have staggered their faith a little, by directing them in the prayer to hope that the gout will be averted, if it be conducive to their salvation; whereas the subjoined exhortation promises unconditionally to every one, even though a foe (meaning us *heretics*, I suppose), who shall carry this prayer about him, and live agreeably to its precepts (but where, in the name of wonder, are these precepts of a Christian life to be found in it?) that he shall be relieved from the gout, or exempted from it altogether.

You, Sir, may possibly suspect that this precious composition itself must be afflicted with the gout, since there are parts in which it hobbles most lamentably. I have been more solicitous to present you with a faithful transcript of the original than to cure it of any of its constitutional defects, which I leave to your management, being, Sir, your obedient servant, but

No PHYSICIAN.

London, April 25, 1823.

ON GHOSTS.

The Atheneum; or, Spirit of the English Magazines (1817-1833); Aug 16, 1824; 1, 10;
American Periodicals
pg. 394

(Lon. Mar.)

ON GHOSTS.

I look for ghosts—but none will force
Their way to me ; 'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead.—*Wordsworth.*

WHAT a different earth do we inhabit from that on which our forefathers dwelt ! The antediluvian world, strode over by mammoths, preyed upon by the megatherion, and peopled by the offspring of the Sons of God, is a better type of the earth of Homer, Herodotus, and Plato, than the hedged-in cornfields and measured hills of the present day. The globe was then encircled by a wall which paled in the bodies of men, whilst their feathered thoughts soared over the boundary ; it had a brink, and in the deep profound which it overhung, men's imaginations, eagle-winged, dived and flew, and brought home strange tales to their believing auditors. Deep caverns harboured giants ; cloud-like birds cast their shadows upon the plains ; while far out at sea lay islands of bliss, the fair paradise of Atlantis or El Dorado sparkling with untold jewels. Where are they now ? The Fortunate Isles have lost the glory that spread a halo round them ; for who deems himself nearer to the golden age, because he touches at the Canaries on his voyage to India ? Our only riddle is the rise of the Niger : the in-

terior of New Holland, our only terra incognita ; and our sole mare incognitum, the north-west passage. But these are tame wonders, lions in leash ; we do not invest Mungo Park, or the Captain of the Hecla, with divine attributes ; no one fancies that the waters of the unknown river bubble up from hell's fountains, no strange and weird power is supposed to guide the ice-berg, nor do we fable that a stray pick-pocket from Botany Bay has found the gardens of the Hesperides within the circuit of the Blue Mountains. What have we left to dream about ? The clouds are no longer the charioted servants of the sun, nor does he any more bathe his glowing brow in the bath of Thetis ; the rainbow has ceased to be the messenger of the gods, and thunder is no longer their awful voice, warning man of that which is to come. We have the sun which has been weighed and measured, but not understood ; we have the assemblage of the planets, the congregation of the stars, and the yet unshackled ministration of the winds :—such is the list of our ignorance.

Nor is the empire of the imagination

less bounded in its own proper creations, than in those which were bestowed on it by the poor blind eyes of our ancestors. What has become of enchantresses with their palaces of crystal and dungeons of palpable darkness? What of fairies and their wands? What of witches and their familiars? and, last, what of ghosts, with beckoning hands and fleeting shapes, which quelled the soldier's brave heart, and made the murderer disclose to the astonished noon the veiled work of midnight? These which were realities to our forefathers, in our wiser age—

———— Characterless are grated
To dusty nothing.

Yet is it true that we do not believe in **ghosts**? There used to be several traditionary tales repeated, with their authorities, enough to stagger us when we consigned them to that place where that is which “is as though it had never been.” But these are gone out of fashion. Brutus's dream has become a deception of his over-heated brain, Lord Lyttleton's vision is called a cheat; and one by one these inhabitants of deserted houses, moonlight glades, misty mountain tops, and midnight church-yards, have been ejected from their immemorial seats, and small thrill is felt when the dead majesty of Denmark blanches the cheek and unsettles the reason of his philosophic son.

But do none of us believe in **ghosts**? If this question be read at noon-day, when—

Every little corner, nook, and hole,
Is penetrated with the insolent light—

at such a time derision is seated on the features of my reader. But let it be twelve at night in a lone house; take up, I beseech you, the story of the Bleeding Nun; or of the Statue, to which the bridegroom gave the wedding ring, and she came in the dead of night to claim him, tall, white, and cold; or of the Grandsire, who with shadowy form and breathless lips stood over the couch and kissed the foreheads of his sleeping grand-children, and thus doomed them to their fated death; and let all these details be assisted by solitude, flapping curtains,

rushing wind, a long and dusky passage, an half open door—O, then truly, another answer may be given, and many will request leave to sleep upon it, before they decide whether there be such a thing as a **ghost** in the world, or out of the world, if that phraseology be more spiritual. What is the meaning of this feeling?

For my own part, I never saw a **ghost** except once in a dream. I feared it in my sleep; I awoke trembling, and lights and the speech of others could hardly dissipate my fear. Some years ago I lost a friend, and a few months afterwards visited the house where I had last seen him. It was deserted, and though in the midst of a city, its vast halls and spacious apartments occasioned the same sense of loneliness as if it had been situated on an uninhabited heath. I walked through the vacant chambers by twilight, and none save I awakened the echoes of their pavement. The far mountains (visible from the upper windows) had lost their tinge of sunset;—the tranquil atmosphere grew leaden coloured as the golden stars appeared in the firmament; no wind ruffled the shrunk-up river which crawled lazily through the deepest channel of its wide and empty bed; the chimes of the Ave Maria had ceased, and the bell hung moveless in the open belfry: beauty invested a reposing world, and awe was inspired by beauty only. I walked through the rooms filled with sensations of the most poignant grief. He had been there; his living frame had been caged by those walls, his breath had mingled with that atmosphere, his step had been on those stones, I thought:—the earth is a tomb, the gaudy sky a vault, we but walking corpses. The wind rising in the east rushed through the open casements, making them shake;—methought, I heard, I felt—I know not what—but I trembled. To have seen him but for a moment, I would have knelt until the stones had been worn by the impress, so I told myself, and so I knew a moment after, but then I trembled, awe-struck and fearful. Wherefore? There is something beyond us of which we are ignorant. The sun drawing up the va-

porous air makes a void, and the wind rushes in to fill it,—thus beyond our soul's ken there is an empty space ;—and our hopes and fears, in gentle gales or terrific whirlwinds, occupy the vacuum ; and if it does no more, it bestows on the feeling heart a belief that influences do exist to watch and guard us, though they be impalpable to the coarser faculties.

I have heard that when Coleridge was asked if he believed in ghosts,—he replied that he had seen too many to put any trust in their reality ; and the person of the most lively imagination that I ever knew echoed this reply.—But these were not real **ghosts** (pardon, unbelievers, my mode of speech) that they saw ; they were shadows, phantoms unreal ; that while they appalled the senses, yet carried no other feeling to the mind of others than delusion, and were viewed as we might view an optical deception which we see to be true with our eyes, and know to be false with our understandings. I speak of other shapes. The returning bride who claims the fidelity of her betrothed ; the murdered man who shakes to remorse the murderer's heart ; **ghosts** that lift the curtains at the foot of your bed as the clock chimes one ; who rise all pale and ghastly from the churchyard and haunt their ancient abodes ; who, spoken to, reply ; and whose cold unearthly touch makes the hair stand stark upon the head ; the true old-fashioned, foretelling, flitting, gliding ghost,—who has seen such a one ?

I have known two persons who at broad daylight have owned that they believed in **ghosts**, for that they had seen one. One of these was an Englishman, and the other an Italian.—The former had lost a friend he dearly loved, who for awhile appeared to him nightly, gently stroking his cheek, and spreading a serene calm over his mind. He did not fear the appearance, altho' he was somewhat awe-stricken as each night it glided into his chamber, and,

Ponsi del letto in su la sponda manca.

This visitation continued for several weeks, when by some accident he altered his residence, and then he saw it no more. Such a tale may easily be explained away ;—but several years

had passed, and he, a man of strong and virile intellect, said that “ he had seen a **ghost**.”

The Italian was a noble, a soldier, and by no means addicted to superstition : he had served in Napoleon's armies from early youth, and had been rewarded, and he unhesitatingly, and with deep belief, recounted his story.

This Chevalier, a young, and (some-what a miraculous incident) a gallant Italian, was engaged in a duel with a brother officer, and wounded him in the arm. The subject of the duel was frivolous ; and distressed therefore at its consequences he attended on his youthful adversary during his consequent illness, so that when the latter recovered they became firm and dear friends. They were quartered together at Milan, where the youth fell desperately in love with the wife of a musician, who disdained his passion, so that it preyed on his spirits and his health ; he absented himself from all amusements, avoided all his brother officers, and his only consolation was to pour his love-sick complaints into the ear of the Chevalier, who strove in vain to inspire him either with indifference towards the fair disdainer, or to indurate lessons of fortitude and heroism. As a last resource he urged him to ask leave of absence ; and to seek, either in change of scene, or the amusement of hunting, some diversion to his passion. One evening the youth came to the Chevalier, and said, “ Well, I have asked leave of absence, and am to have it early to-morrow morning, so lend me your fowling-piece and cartridges, for I shall go to hunt for a fortnight.” The Chevalier gave him what he asked ; among the shot were a few bullets. “ I will take these also,” said the youth, “ to secure myself against the attack of any wolf, for I mean to bury myself in the woods.”

Although he had obtained that for which he came, the youth still lingered. He talked of the cruelty of his lady, lamented that she would not even permit him a hopeless attendance, but that she inexorably banished him from her sight, “ so that,” said he, “ I have no hope but in oblivion.” At length he rose to depart. He took the Cheva-

her's hand and said, "You will see her tomorrow, you will speak to her, and hear her speak; tell her, I intreat you, that our conversation to-night has been concerning her, and that her name was the last that I spoke." "Yes, yes," cried the Chevalier, "I will say any thing you please; but you must not talk of her any more, you must forget her." The youth embraced his friend with warmth, but the latter saw nothing more in it than the effects of his affection, combined with his melancholy at absenting himself from his mistress, whose name joined to a tender farewell, was the last sound that he uttered.

When the Chevalier was on guard that night, he heard the report of a gun. He was at first troubled and agitated by it, but afterwards thought no more about it, and when relieved from guard went to bed, although he passed a restless, sleepless night. Early in the morning some one knocked at his door. It was a soldier, who said that he had got the young officer's leave of absence, and had taken it to his house; a servant had admitted him, and he had gone up stairs, but the room door of the officer was locked, and no one answered to his knocking, but something oozed through from under the door that looked like blood. The Chevalier, agitated and frightened at this account, hurried to his friend's house, burst open the door, and found him stretched on the ground—he had blown out his brains, and the body lay a headless trunk, cold, and stiff.

The shock and grief which the Chevalier experienced in consequence of this catastrophe produced a fever which lasted for some days. When he got well, he obtained leave of absence, and went into the country to divert his mind. One evening at moonlight, he was returning home from a walk, and passed through a lane with a hedge on both sides, so high that he could not see over them. The night was balmy;—the bushes gleamed with fireflies, brighter than the stars which the moon had veiled with her silver light. Suddenly he heard a rustling near him, and the figure of his friend issued from the hedge, and stood before him, mutilated as he had seen him after his death.—This figure he saw several times, al-

ways in the same place. It was impalpable to the touch, motionless, except in its advance, and made no sign when it was addressed. Once the Chevalier took a friend with him to the spot.—The same rustling was heard, the same shadow stepped forth, his companion fled in horror, but the Chevalier staid, vainly endeavouring to discover what called his friend from his quiet tomb, and if any act of his might give repose to the restless shade.

Such are my two stories, and I record them the more willingly, since they occurred to men, and to individuals distinguished the one for courage and the other for sagacity. I will conclude my "modern instances," with a story told by M. G. Lewis, not probably so authentic as these, but perhaps more amusing. I relate it as nearly as possible in his own words.

"A gentleman journeying towards the house of a friend, who lived on the skirts of an extensive forest, in the east of Germany, lost his way. He wandered for some time among the trees, when he saw a light at a distance. On approaching it he was surprised to observe that it proceeded from the interior of a ruined monastery. Before he knocked at the gate he thought it proper to look through the window.—He saw a number of cats assembled round a small grave, four of whom were at that moment letting down a coffin with a crown upon it. The gentleman startled at this unusual sight, and, imagining that he had arrived at the retreats of fiends or witches, mounted his horse and rode away with the utmost precipitation. He arrived at his friend's house at a late hour, who sate up waiting for him. On his arrival his friend questioned him as to the cause of the traces of agitation visible in his face. He began to recount his adventures after much hesitation, knowing that it was scarcely possible that his friend should give faith to his relation. No sooner had he mentioned the coffin with the crown upon it, than his friend's cat, who seemed to have been lying asleep before the fire, leaped up, crying out, 'Then I am king of the cats;'—and then scrambled up the chimney, and was never seen more."

(*Lond. Lit. Gaz.*)

TALES OF A TRAVELLER.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

GEOFFREY CRAYON, alias Washington Irving, is a popular writer, and some of his papers have been so highly estimated as to cause his name to be mentioned along with those of Britain's most distinguished essayists. The Sketch Book and Bracebridge Hall are the foundations of this celebrity; and the former especially continues to be read with undiminished pleasure; while the latter hardly sustains its ground, and Knickerbocker's history (with all its quaint humour) is, we fancy, oftener dipped into than thoroughly perused. The present publication, though light and agreeable, certainly falls short of our expectations. There are indeed many sparks of talent scattered over its pages, and the diction generally is felicitous. But some of the tales are strangely destitute of interest; and we find that a neat style and occasional touches of fancy are insufficient to bear us unflagging through two octavo volumes.

Having stated thus much in candour and justice, we shall nevertheless endeavour to exhibit as much of the merits of the Tales of a Traveller as the reputation of Mr. I. claims, and our limits will admit.

The Introduction is playful and amusing. Confined by sickness at Mentz, unsuceptible of any enjoyment, and even incapable of reading, Geoffrey Crayon at length exclaims in despair—

“Well, if I cannot read a book, I

† *Quære, antic.*—Printer's devil.

will write one.” Never was there a more lucky idea; it at once gave me occupation and amusement.

“The writing of a book was considered, in old times, as an enterprise of toil and difficulty, insomuch that the most trifling lucubration was denominated a ‘work,’ and the world talked with awe and reverence of ‘the labours of the learned.’ These matters are better understood nowadays. Thanks to the improvements in all kinds of manufactures, the art of book-making has been made familiar to the meanest capacity. Every body is an author. The scribbling of a quarto is the mere pastime of the idle; the young gentleman throws off his brace of duodecimos in the intervals of the sporting season, and the young lady produces her set of volumes with the same facility that her great-grandmother worked at a set of chair-bottoms.

“The idea having struck me, therefore, to write a book, the reader will easily perceive that the execution of it was no difficult matter. I rummaged my portfolio, and cast about, in my recollection, for those floating materials which a man naturally collects in travelling; and here I have arranged them in this little work.

“As I know this to be a story-telling and a story-reading age, and that the world is fond of being taught by apologue, I have digested the instruction I would convey into a number of tales. They may not possess the power of amusement which the tales told by ma-

ny of my contemporaries possess; but then I value myself on the sound moral which each of them contains. This may not be apparent at first, but the reader will be sure to find it out in the end. I am for curing the world by gentle alteratives, not by violent doses; indeed the patient should never be conscious that he is taking a dose. I have learnt this much from my experience under the hands of the worthy Hippocrates of Mentz.

"I am not, therefore, for those bare-faced tales which carry their moral on the surface, staring one in the face; they are enough to deter the squeamish reader. On the contrary, I have often hid my moral from sight, and disguised it as much as possible by sweets and spices, so that while the simple reader is listening with open mouth to a **ghost** or a love story, he may have a bolus of sound morality popped down his throat, and be never the wiser for the fraud."

"These matters being premised, fall to, worthy reader, with good appetite, and, above all, with good humour, to what is here set before thee. If the tales I have furnished should prove to be bad, they will at least be found short; so that no one will be wearied long on the same theme. 'Variety is charming,' as some poet observes. There is a certain relief in change, even though it be from bad to worse; as I have found in travelling in a stage coach, that it is often a

comfort to shift one's position and be bruised in a new place."

The Tales are divided into four parts: 1st, **ghost** stories, entitled "Strange Stories, by a Nervous Gentleman;" 2d, literary and common life stories, headed "Buckthorne and his Friends;" 3d, "Stories of Italian Banditti;" and 4th, "Stories of American Money-diggers."

The **ghost** stories are neither very novel nor very good: some of them are complete *baulks*, an offence to the lovers of real unrealities not to be forgiven. The following picture of a French chateau, the scene of one of them, is, however, cleverly sketched:—

"You have no doubt all seen French chateaus, as every body travels in France nowadays. This was one of the oldest; standing naked and alone in the midst of a desert of gravel walks and cold stone terraces; with a cold-looking formal garden, cut into angles and rhomboids; and a cold leafless park, divided geometrically by straight alleys; and two or three cold looking noseless statues; and fountains spouting cold water enough to make one's teeth chatter. At least such was the feeling they imparted on the wintry day of my uncle's visit; tho', in hot summer weather, I'll warrant there was glare enough to scorch one's eyes out."

But it may be more agreeable to our readers, and generally more fair in the way of review, if we select, for our first Notice, the best tale of this division.

TALES OF A TRAVELLER.

The Athenæum has been instrumental, by its extracts, in bringing into view in this country the English Magazines. We wish now to bring into notice, because we have just received, Irving's *Tales of a Traveller*. No. I. contains the six *Strange Stories of the Nervous Gentleman*; and we shall take that liberty given to all periodicals, and we hope without infringing on the copy-right, to extract a few pages by way of calling the public attention to the book. It is printed similar to the Sketch-Book, and will have four parts.

.....“MY grandfather was a bold dragoon, for it's a profession, d'ye see, that has run in the family. All my forefathers have been dragoons and died upon the field of honour except myself, and I hope my posterity may be able to say the same; however, I don't mean to be vainglorious. Well, my grandfather, as I said, was a bold dragoon, and had served in the Low Countries. In fact, he was one of that very army, which, according to my uncle Toby, “swore so terribly in Flanders.” He could swear a good stick himself; and, moreover, was the very man that introduced the doctrine Corporal Trim mentions, of radical heat and radical moisture; or in other words, the mode of keeping out the damps of ditch water by burnt brandy. Be that as it may, it's nothing to the purport of my story. I only tell it to show you that my grandfather was a man not easily to be humbugged. He had seen service; or, according to his own phrase, “he had seen the devil”—and that's saying every thing.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was on his way to England, for which he intended to embark at Ostend;—bad luck to the place for one where I

was kept by storms and head winds for three long days, and the devil of a jolly companion or pretty face to comfort me. Well, as I was saying, my grandfather was on his way to England, or rather Ostend—no matter which, it's all the same. So one evening, towards nightfall, he rode jollily into Bruges.—Very like you all know Bruges, gentlemen, a queer, old-fashioned Flemish town, once, they say, a great place for trade and money-making, in old times, when the Mynheers were in their glory; but almost as large and as empty as an Irishman's pocket at the present day. Well, gentlemen, it was the time of the annual fair. All Bruges was crowded; and the canals swarmed with Dutch boats, and the streets swarmed with Dutch merchants; and there was hardly any getting along for goods, wares, and merchandises, and peasants in big breeches, and women in half a score of petticoats.

My grandfather rode jollily along, in his easy slashing way, for he was a saucy, sunshiny fellow—staring about him at the motley crowd, and the old houses with gable ends to the street and storks' nests on the chimneys; winking at the *ya vrouws* who showed their

faces at the windows, and joking the women right and left in the street ; all of whom laughed, and took it in amazing good part ; for though he did not know a word of their language, yet he had always a knack of making himself understood among the women.

Well, gentlemen, it being the time of the annual fair, all the town was crowded ; every inn and tavern full, and my grandfather applied in vain from one to the other for admittance. At length he rode up to an old racketty inn that looked ready to fall to pieces, and which all the rats would have run away from, if they could have found room in any other house to put their heads. It was just such a queer building as you see in Dutch pictures, with a tall roof that reached up into the clouds ; and as many garrets, one over the other, as the seven heavens of Mahomet.—Nothing had saved it from tumbling down, but a stork's nest on the chimney, which always brings good luck to a house in the Low Countries ; and at the very time of my grandfather's arrival, there were two of these long-legged birds of grace, standing like ghosts on the chimney top. Faith, but they've kept the house on its legs to this very day ; for you may see it any time you pass through Bruges, as it stands there yet ; only it is turned into a brewery—a brewery of strong Flemish beer ; at least it was so when I came that way after the battle of Waterloo.

My grandfather eyed the house curiously as he approached. It might not altogether have struck his fancy, had he not seen in large letters over the door,

HEER VERKOOPT MAN GOEDEN DRANK.

My grandfather had learnt enough of the language to know that the sign promised good liquor. “ This is the house for me,” said he, stopping short before the door.

The sudden appearance of a dashing dragoon was an event in an old inn, frequented only by the peaceful sons of traffick. A rich burgher of Antwerp, a stately ample man, in a broad Flemish hat, and who was the great man and the great patron of the establishment, sat smoking a clean long pipe on one side of the door ; a fat little dis-

tiller of Geneva from Schiedam, sat smoking on the other, and the bottle-nosed host stood in the door, and the comely hostess, in crimped cap, beside him ; and the hostess' daughter, a plump Flemish lass, with long golden pendants in her ears, was at a side window.

“ Humph !” said the rich burgher of Antwerp, with a sulky glance at the stranger.

“ Der duyvel !” said the fat little distiller of Schiedam.

The landlord saw with the quick glance of a publican that the new guest was not at all at all, to the taste of the old ones ; and to tell the truth, he did not himself like my grandfather's saucy eye. He shook his head—“ Not a garret in the house but was full.”

“ Not a garret !” echoed the landlady.

“ Not a garret !” echoed the daughter.

The burgher of Antwerp and the little distiller of Schiedam continued to smoke their pipes sullenly, eyed the enemy askance from under their broad hats, but said nothing.

My grandfather was not a man to be brow-beaten. He threw the reins on his horse's neck, cocked his hat on one side, stuck one arm akimbo, slapped his broad thigh with the other hand—

“ Faith and troth !” said he, “ but I'll sleep in this house this very night !”

My grandfather had on a tight pair of buckskins—the slap went to the landlady's heart.

He followed up the vow by jumping off his horse, and making his way past the staring Mynheers into the public room.—May be you've been in the bar room of an old Flemish inn—faith, but a handsome chamber it was as you'd wish to see ; with a brick floor, a great fire place, with the whole bible history in glazed tiles ; and then the mantle-piece, pitching itself head foremost out of the wall, with a whole regiment of cracked tea-pots and earthen jugs paraded on it : not to mention half a dozen great Delft platters hung about the room by way of pictures ; and the little bar in one corner, and the bouncing bar maid inside of it with a red calico cap and yellow ear drops.

My grandfather snapped his fingers over his head, as he cast an eye round the room : “ Faith, this is the very

house I've been looking after," said he. —There was some farther show of resistance on the part of the garrison, but my grandfather was an old soldier, and an Irishman to boot, and not easily repulsed, especially after he had got into the fortress. So he blarney'd the landlord, kissed the landlord's wife, tickled the landlord's daughter, chucked the bar maid under the chin ; and it was agreed on all hands that it would be a thousand pities, and a burning shame into the bargain to turn such a bold dragoon into the streets. So they laid their heads together, that is to say, my grandfather and the landlady, and it was at length agreed to accommodate him with an old chamber that had for some time been shut up.

"Some say it's haunted !" whispered the landlord's daughter, "but you're a bold dragoon, and I dare say don't fear ghosts."

"The divil a bit !" said my grandfather, pinching her plump cheek ;— "but if I should be troubled by **ghosts**, I've been to the Red sea in my time, and have a pleasant way of laying them, my darling !"

And then he whispered something to the girl which made her laugh, and give him a good-humoured box on the ear. In short, there was nobody knew better how to make his way among the petticoats than my grandfather.

In a little while, as was his usual way, he took complete possession of the house ; swaggering all over it :—into the stable to look after his horse ; into the kitchen to look after his supper. He had something to say or to do with every one ; smoked with the Dutchmen ; drank with the Germans ; slapped the men on the shoulders, tickled the women under the ribs :—never since the days of Ally Croaker had such a rattling blade been seen. The landlord stared at him with astonishment ; the landlord's daughter hung her head and giggled whenever he came near ; and as he turned his back and swaggered along, his tight jacket setting off his broad shoulders and plump buckskins, and his long sword trailing by his side, the maids whispered to one another,— "What a proper man !"

At supper my grandfather took command of the table d'hôte as though he had been at home ; helped every body, not forgetting himself ;—talked with every one, whether he understood their language or not ; and made his way into the intimacy of the rich burgher of Antwerp, who had never been known to be sociable with any one during his life. In fact, he revolutionized the whole establishment, and gave it such a rouse, that the very house reeled with it. He outsat every one at table excepting the little fat distiller of Schiedam, who sat soaking for a long time before he broke forth ; but when he did, he was a very devil incarnate. He took a violent affection for my grandfather : so they sat drinking, and smoking, and telling stories, and singing Dutch and Irish songs, without understanding a word each other said, until the little Hollander was fairly swampt with his own gin and water, and carried off to bed, whooping and hiccuping, and trolling the burthen of a Low Dutch love song.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was shown to his quarters, up a huge staircase, composed of loads of hewn timber ; and through long rigmarole passages, hung with blackened paintings of fruit, and fish, and game, and country frolics, and huge kitchens, and portly burgomasters, such as you see about old-fashioned Flemish inns, till at length he arrived at his room.

An old-times chamber it was, sure enough, and crowded with all kinds of trumpery. It looked like an infirmary for decayed and superannuated furniture ; where every thing diseased and disabled was sent to nurse, or to be forgotten. Or rather, it might have been taken for a general congress of old legitimate moveables, where every kind and country had a representative. No two chairs were alike : such high backs and low backs, and leather bottoms and worsted bottoms, and straw bottoms, and no bottoms ; and cracked marble tables with curious carved legs, holding balls in their claws, as though they were going to play at ninepins.

My grandfather made a bow to the motley assemblage as he entered, and having undressed himself, placed his

light in the fire place, asking pardon of the tongs, which seemed to be making love to the shovel in the chimney corner, and whispering soft nonsense in its ear.

The rest of the guests were by this time sound asleep ; for your Mynheers are huge sleepers. The house maids, one by one, crept up yawning to their atticks, and not a female head in the inn was laid on a pillow that night, without dreaming of the Bold Dragoon.

My grandfather, for his part, got into bed, and drew over him one of those great bags of down, under which they smother a man in the Low Countries ; and there he lay, melting between two feather beds, like an anchovy sandwich between two slices of toast and butter. He was a warm complexioned man, and this smothering played the very deuce with him. So, sure enough, in a little while it seemed as if a legion of imps were twitching at him, and all the blood in his veins was in fever heat.

He lay still, however, until all the house was quiet, excepting the snoring of the Mynheers from the different chambers ; who answered one another in all kinds of tones and cadences, like so many bull-frogs in a swamp. The quieter the house became, the more unquiet became my grandfather. He waxed warmer and warmer, until at length the bed became too hot to hold him.

"May be the maid had warmed it too much ?" said the curious gentleman inquiringly.

"I rather think the contrary," replied the Irishman. "But be that as it may, it grew too hot for my grandfather."

"Faith there's no standing this any longer," says he ; so he jumped out of bed and went strolling about the house.

"What for ?" said the inquisitive gentlemen.

"Why, to cool himself to be sure," replied the other, "or perhaps to find a more comfortable bed—or perhaps—but no matter what he went for—he never mentioned ; and there's no use in taking up our time in conjecturing."

Well, my grandfather had been for some time absent from his room, and was returning perfectly cool, when just as he reached the door he heard a strange noise within. He paused and

listened. It seemed as if some one was trying to hum a tune in defiance of the asthma. He recollected the report of the room's being haunted ; but he was no believer in **ghosts**. So he pushed the door ajar, and peeped in.

Egad, gentlemen, there was a gambol carrying on within enough to have astonished St. Anthony.

By the light of the fire he saw a pale weazen-faced fellow in a long flannel gown and a tall white nightcap with a tassel to it, who sat by the fire, with a bellows under his arm by way of bagpipe, from which he forced the asthmatical music that had bothered my grandfather. As he played, too, he kept twitching about with a thousand queer contortions ; nodding his head and bobbing about his tasselled night-cap.

My grandfather thought this very odd, and mighty presumptuous, and was about to demand what business he had to play his wind instrument in another gentleman's quarters, when a new cause of astonishment met his eye.—From the opposite side of the room a long-backed, bandy-legged chair, covered with leather, and studded all over in a coxcomical fashion with little brass nails, got suddenly in motion ; thrust out first a claw foot, then a crooked arm, and at length, making a leg, slid gracefully up to an easy chair, of tarnished brocade, with a hole in its bottom, and led it gallantly out in a ghostly minuet about the floor.

The musician now played fiercer and fiercer, and bobbed his head and his nightcap about like mad. By degrees the dancing mania seemed to seize upon all the other pieces of furniture. The antique, long-bodied chairs paired off in couples and led down a country dance ; a three-legged stool danced a hornpipe, though horribly puzzled by its supernumerary leg ;—while the amorous tongs seized the shovel round the waist, and whirled it about the room in a German waltz. In short, all the moveables got in motion, capering about ; pirouetting, hands acrost, right and left, like so many devils, all except a great clothes press, which kept curtesying and curtesying, like a dowager, in one corner, in exquisite time to the music ; being either too

corpulent to dance, or perhaps at a loss for a partner.

My grandfather concluded the latter to be the reason ; so, being, like a true Irishman, devoted to the sex, and at all times ready for a frolick, he bounced into the room, calling to the musician to strike up " Paddy O'Rafferty," capered up to the clothes-press and seized upon two handles to lead her out :—When, whizz !—the whole revel was at an end. The chairs, tables, tongs, and shovel slunk in an instant as quietly into their places as if nothing had happened ; and the musician vanished up the chimney, leaving the bellows behind him in his hurry. My grandfather found himself seated in the middle of the floor, with the clothes press sprawling before him, and the two handles jerked off and in his hands.

" Then after all, this was a mere dream !" said the inquisitive gentleman.

" The divil a bit of a dream !" replied the Irishman : " there never was a truer fact in the world. Faith, I should have liked to see any man tell my grandfather it was a dream."

Well, gentlemen, as the clothes press was a mighty heavy body, and my grandfather likewise, particularly in rear, you may easily suppose two such heavy bodies coming to the ground would make a bit of a noise.—Faith, the old mansion shook as though it had mistaken it for an earthquake.—The whole garrison was alarmed. The landlord, who slept just below, hurried up with a candle to inquire the cause, but with all his haste his daughter had hurried to the scene of uproar before him. The landlord was followed by the landlady, who was followed by the bouncing bar maid, who was followed by the simpering chambermaids all holding together as well as they could,

such garments as they first laid hands on ; but all in a terrible hurry to see what the devil was to pay in the chamber of the bold dragoon.

My grandfather related the marvellous scene he had witnessed, and the prostrate clothes press, and the broken handles, bore testimony to the fact.—There was no contesting such evidence, particularly with a lad of my grandfather's complexion, who seemed able to make good every word either with sword or shillelah. So the landlord scratched his head and looked silly, as he was apt to do when puzzled. The landlady scratched—no, she did not scratch her head,—but she knit her brow, and did not seem half pleased with the explanation. But the landlady's daughter corroborated it, by recollecting that the last person who had dwelt in that chamber was a famous juggler who had died of St. Vitus's dance, and no doubt had infected all the furniture.

This set all things to rights, particularly when the chambermaids declared that they had all witnessed strange carryings on in that room ;—and as they declared this " upon their honours," there could not remain a doubt upon the subject.

" And did your grandfather go to bed again in that room ?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

That's more than I tell. Where he passed the rest of the night was a secret he never disclosed. In fact, though he had seen much service, he was but indifferently acquainted with geography, and apt to make travels about inns at nights, that it would have puzzled him sadly to account for in the morning.

" Was he ever apt to walk in his sleep ?" said the knowing old gentleman.

Never that I heard of.

FROM KNIGHT'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

TALE OF A CHEMIST.

THE advancement of knowledge is the triumph of truth, and, as such, is the eventual interest of mankind; inasmuch as the extension of reason is by its very definition the necessary object of rational beings. Timid theologians have trembled on the confines of some topics which might lead to dangerous discovery; forgetful that religion and truth, if not identical, are at least inseparable. Some nice and sensitive chemists have foreborne the search of the *ne plus ultra* in alchemy, dreading that as gold is the great fountain of wickedness on earth, the indefinite increase of that metal might be the unlimited multiplication of human evil: but forgetting that in all human affairs, from fluids up to theories, there is a specific gravity in all things which keeps constant the level of terrestrial operations, and prevents the restless brain of man from raising any edifice, in brick or discovery, high enough to be the ruin of his own species. To me, however, the one consideration, that the eternal search of knowledge and truth is the very object of our faculties, has been the main spring of my life, and although my individual sufferings have been far from light, yet at their present distance the contemplation gives me pleasure, and I have the satisfaction to reflect that I am now in possession of an art which is continually employed, day and night, for the benefit of the present generation and of ages yet to come.

I was born in the Semlainogorod of Moscow; and for ten years applied intensely to chemistry. I confess the failure of many eminent predecessors prevented my attempting the philosopher's stone; my whole thoughts were engaged on the contemplation of gravity—on that mysterious invisible agent which pervaded the whole universe—which made my pen drop from my fingers—the planets move round the sun—and the very sun itself, with its planets, moons, and satellites, revolve for ever, with myriads of others, round the final centre of universal gravity,—that mysterious spot, perhaps the residence of those particular emanations of Providence which regard created beings. At length I discovered the actual ingredients of this omnipresent agent. It is little more than a combination of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and azote; but the pro-

portions of these constituent parts had long baffled me, and I still withhold them from my species for obvious reasons.

Knowledge is power,—and the next easy step from the discovery of the elements, was the decomposition of gravity, and the neutralization of its parts in any substance at my pleasure. I was more like a lunatic than a rational chemist;—a burning furor drove me to an immediate essay of my art, and stripped me of the power and will to calculate on consequences. Imagine me in my laboratory. I constructed a gravitation-pump—applied it to my body—turned the awful engine, and stood in an instant the first of all created beings—devoid of weight! Up sprung my hair—my arms swung from my sides above the level of my shoulders, by the involuntary action of the muscles; which were no longer curbed by the re-action of their weight. I laughed like a fool or a fiend,—closed my arms carefully to my side, compressed or concealed my bristling hair under my cap, and walked forth from my study to seek some retired spot in the city where I might make instant experiment of a jump. With the greatest difficulty I preserved a decent gait; I walked with the uneasy unsteady motion of a man in water whose toes might barely reach the bottom: conscious as I was of my security, I felt every instant apprehensive of a fall. Nothing could have reconciled me to the disagreeable sensation I experienced, but the anticipation of vaulting unfettered into the air. I stood behind the cathedral of the Seven Towers; nobody was near—I looked hurriedly around, and made the spring! I rose with a slow, uniform motion,—but, gracious heaven! imagine my horror and distress, when I found that nothing but the mere resistance of the air opposed my progress; and, when at last it stopped my flight, I found myself many hundred feet above the city—motionless, and destitute of every means of descent. I tore my hair, and cursed myself, for overlooking so obvious a result. My screams drew thousands to the singular sight. I stretched my arms towards the earth, and implored assistance. Poor fool! I knew it was impracticable.

But conceive the astonishment of the people! I was too high to be personally known;—they called to me, and I answered; but they were unable to catch the import, for sound, like myself, rises better than it falls. I heard myself called an angel, a ghost, a dragon, a unicorn, and a devil. I saw a procession of priests come under me to exorcise me; but had Satan himself been free of gravity, he had been as unable to descend at their bidding as myself. At length the fickle mob began to jeer me—the boys threw stones at me, and a clever marksman actually struck me on the side with a bullet; it was too high to penetrate—it merely gave me considerable pain, drove me a few feet higher, and sunk again to the ground. Alas! I thought, would to God it had pierced me, for even the weight of that little ball would have dragged me back to earth. At length the shades of evening hid the city from my sight; the murmur of the crowd gradually died away, and there I

still was, cold, terrified, and motionless—nearer to heaven than such a fool could merit to rise again. What was to be the end of this! I must starve and be stared at! I poured out a torrent of incoherent prayers to heaven—but heaven seemed as deaf as I deserved.

Imagine my joy when a breeze sprung up, and I felt myself floating in darkness over the town: but even now new horrors seized me;—I might be driven downwards into the Moskwa and drowned; I might be dashed against the cathedral and crushed. Just as I thought on this, my head struck violently against the great bell of Boris Godunoff;—the blow and the deep intonation of the bell deprived me for some minutes of life and recollection. When I revived, I found I was lying gently pressed by the breeze against the balustrades: I pulled myself carefully along the church, pushed myself down the last column, and run as straight as my light substance would permit me to my house. With far greater joy than when I had been disrobed of it, I speedily applied a proper condensation of gravity to my body, fell on my knees to thank heaven for my deliverance, and slunk into bed, thoroughly ashamed of my day's performance. The next day, to escape suspicion, I joined the re-assembled crowd—looked upward as serious as the rest, gazed about for yesterday's phenomenon, and I dare say was the only one who felt no disappointment in its disappearance.

Any one would imagine that, after this trial, I should have burnt my pump, and left gravity to its own operations. But no! I felt I was reserved for great things;—such a discovery was no everyday occurrence, and I would work up every energy of my soul rather than relinquish this most singular, though frightful, field of experiment.

I was too cautious to deprive myself again entirely of gravity. In fact, in my late experiment, as in others, when I talk of extracting my gravity *entirely*, I mean just enough to leave me of the same weight as the atmosphere. Had I been lighter than that, I should have risen involuntarily upward, like an air-bubble in a bucket. Even as it was, I found myself inclined to rise and fall with every variation of the atmosphere, and I had serious thoughts of offering myself to the university as a barometer, that, by a moderate salary, I might pass the remainder of my days in tranquillity and honour. My object now was merely to render myself as light as occasion required: besides, I found that by continual contact with the earth and atmosphere, I always imbibed gradually a certain portion of weight, though by extremely slow and imperceptible degrees; for the constituent parts of gravity, which I have mentioned, enter largely, as every chemist knows, into the composition of all earths and airs: thus, in my late essay, I should certainly have eventually descended to earth without the intervention of the breeze; indeed, I should probably have been starved first, though

my body would have at least sunk down for the gratification of my friends.

Three furred coats and a pair of skates I gained by leaping at fairs in the Sloboda, and subsistence for three weeks by my inimitable performance on the tight-rope: but when at last I stood bare-foot on a single needle, and balanced myself head downwards on a bodkin, all Moscow rung with applause. But the great object of all my earthly hopes was to gain the affections of a young widow in the Kremlin, whose heart I hoped to move by the unrivalled effects of my despair. I jumped head-foremost from a chair on the hard floor; twice I sprung into a well, and once I actually threw myself from the highest spire in Moscow. I always lay senseless after my falls, screamed at my revival, and counterfeited severe contusions. But in vain! I found my person or pretensions disagreeable to her, and determined in some great pursuit to forget my disappointment. A thought struck me. I knew that mortal man had conceived nothing so sublime, and yet it was in my power! I prepared a large tube, and bound myself round with vast bales of provisions, which, with myself, I severally divested of gravity. It was a bright moonlight night. I stood in my garden, with a weightless watch in my hand, gazing on the heavens through the tube. I am confident there was in my face the intrepid air of one who on great occasions can subdue the little feelings of the heart. I had resolved on visiting the planet Venus, and had prudently waited till she was in that part of her orbit which was most distant from the sun and nearest to the earth; the first of which might enable me to endure the heat of her atmosphere, and the latter to subsist on the stock of provisions I could conveniently carry. In fact, I had no doubt but that owing to the extreme cold of a great part of the journey, the evaporations from the pores of my body would be little or nothing, and I could, consequently, subsist on a trifling meal. I had arranged some elastic rods of steel to project me with considerable velocity along the tube, the moment the planet should face it; and, by simple multiplication, I was enabled, from the given velocity of projection, and the known distance of the planet, to compute to a day the period of my arrival there. In fact I took double provision, partly from over-abundant precaution, and partly to support me on an immediate return, in case I found the heat oppressive. The moment approached—arrived! The planet stood shining on me down the tube. I looked wildly round me for a last farewell, and was on the point of loosing the springs, when a horrid doubt flashed on me. United saints of Constantino-ple! should a light breeze blow me from the line of projection, aye, even a single inch, I should shoot past the planet, fly off into immeasurable space and darkness from eternity, whirl raving along cold uncomfortable chaos, or plunge headlong into the sun itself! A moment more, and I had been lost. I stood fixed like a statue, with distended lips, gazing on the frightful planet; my eyes swam round.—my ears rung with hideous sounds.—all my limbs were

paralyzed; I shrieked wildly, fainted, and should have sunk to earth, had I not been utterly devoid of weight. But, lifeless as my body stood, my thoughts still teemed with the frightful horrors I had escaped: my phrenzy bore me on my voyage, and to this day the recollections of the delirium are fresh on my mind. Methought I was on the very journey I had meditated;—already the earth had faded to a twinkling speck, and Venus, with an expanded disk, lay glittering before me: unhappy being! I had committed blunder on blunder; I had forgot the motion of the planet herself, and the effects of refraction and the aberration of light, and I saw, at the distance of many hundred miles, that I should exactly miss her. It was even so: imagine the horrors of my dream, when, after a bitter journey of twenty-three millions of miles, I exactly missed her by a foot;—had there been a tree, a bush, or a large stone, I might have saved myself. I strained my powerless fingers at the planet in vain;—I skimmed along the surface rapidly, and at length found myself as swiftly leaving it on one side as I had approached it on the other. And then I fancied I was rushing quickly towards the sun, and, in an approach of some years, suffered as many years the horrid anticipation of approaching combustion. Well, I thought I passed safely and unscathed by the sun, and launched past him into infinite darkness, except where a stray comet, carrying fuel to the sun, flashed a few years' glitter on my path. Sometimes, in the utter silence of this boundless solitude, some large unseen body would whiz by me with a rushing whirl, rolling in its orbit even here beyond the reach of light, yet still obeying the universal laws of gravitation;—alas, how I envied that mass its gravity! And then I heard strange sounds, the hisses of snakes and the shrieks of evil spirits, but saw nothing: sometimes I felt my body pierced, and bruised, and blown about by the winds; and heard my name screamed out at intervals in the waste: and then all would pass away, and leave me still shooting silently on in the same black, hopeless, everlasting track.

After this my phrenzy turned, and methought I stood even on the surface of the planet Venus. The ground, if ground it was, seemed nothing but colour: I stooped to touch it—my hand passed unresisted through the surface. There was a perpetual undulation on its face; not of substance, but of colour: every hue I had seen was there; but all were light, and pale, and fleeting; blue faded into violet, violet to the lightest green, green into gentle silver, in perpetual and quick succession. I looked round for the inhabitants of this strange place;—methought they too were colours; I saw innumerable forms of bright hues moving to and fro;—they had neither shape nor substance—but their outline was in continual change, now swelling to a circle, sinking to an oval, and passing through every variety of curve; emitting the most glittering coruscations, and assuming every diversity of tint. But all these forms were of the brightest and most powerful colours, in opposition to the pale surface along which they floated. But there was

order in their motions, and I could discover they were rational beings holding intercourse by faculties we neither have nor can conceive; for at one time I saw a number collect about a pale feeble light, whose coruscations grew less frequent, and the vividness of its colours faded:—at last it seemed to die away, and to melt into the surface of the planet from very sameness of colour; and then the forms that stood about were for some time feeble and agitated, and at last dispersed. This, I thought, is the death of an inhabitant of the planet Venus. I watched two bright colours that seemed to dance about each other, floated in the most winning curves, and sparkled as they passed. Sometimes they almost met, drew back, and again approached. At the end, in a shower of light, they swam together, and were blended into one for ever. There is love, then, I thought, even in this unsubstantial clime. A little after, I saw vast troops of hues collect and flash violently; but their flashes were not the soft gentle colours I had just seen, but sharp and dazzling like forked lightning. Vast quantities faded into nothing, and there remained but a few on the spot, brighter, indeed, than they had arrived; but I thought these few brilliant shapes a poor compensation for the numbers that had perished. Even in the planet Venus, I said, there is death, and love, and war;—and those, among beings impalpable and destitute of our earthly faculties. What a lesson of humility I read! I passed my hand through many of these forms—there was no resistance,—no sense of touch; I shouted, but no sound ensued; my presence was evidently unnoticed—there existed not the earthly sense of sight. And yet, I thought, how we creatures of earth reason on God's motives, as if he were endued with faculties like our own; while we even differ from these created phantoms of a sister-world, as much perhaps as they from the tenants of Jupiter, and far more from the creatures of other systems! But there was still one thing common to us all. All these bright beings floated close to the surface, and it was evident that to keep the restless beings of creation to their respective worlds, a general law was necessary. Great Newton! neither touch, nor taste, nor sight, nor sound, are universal, but gravity is for ever. I alone am the only wretched being whom a feverish curiosity has peeled of this general garb, and rendered more truly unsubstantial than the thin sliding hues I gazed on.

After some time I fancied my own native planet was shining above me. I sprang frantically upward, but many a dreary century passed by, before I approached near enough to distinguish the objects on its surface. Miserable being! I was again out of the proper line, and I should have passed once more into boundless darkness, had I not, in passing along the earth's surface, imbibed a small portion of gravity; not indeed sufficient to draw me to it, but strong enough to curve my line of flight, and make me revolve round earth like a moon, in a regular elliptic orbit. This was, perhaps, the most wretched of the phantasies of my brain: in continual sight of my native land, without the chance of ap-

proaching it by a foot! There I was, rolling in as permanent and involuntary an orbit as any planet in the heavens; with my line of nodes, syzygy, quadratures, and planetary inequalities.

But the worst of it was, I had imbibed, with that small portion of gravity, a slight share of those terrestrial infirmities I had hitherto felt free from. I became hungry—and my hunger, though by the slowest degrees, continually increased, and at the end of some years, I felt as if reduced to the most emaciated state. My soul felt gradually issuing from my tortured body, and at last, by one of the strange inconsistencies of dreams, I seemed in contemplation of myself. I saw my lifeless body whirling round its primary, its limbs sometimes frozen into ghastly stiffness, sometimes dissolved by equinoctial heat, and swinging in the wide expanse. I know not if it sprung from the pride inherent in all created beings, but this contemplation of the ultimate state of degradation of my poor form, gave me greater distress than any part of my phrenzied wanderings. Its extreme acuteness brought me to myself. I was still standing in my garden, but it was daylight, and my friends stood looking on my upright, though fainting form, almost afraid to approach me. I was disengaged from my tubs and sacks, and carried to bed. But it did not escape the notice of the bystanders, that I was destitute of weight; and although I took care to show myself publicly with a proper gravity, even with an additional stone weight, strange stories and whispers went forth about me; and when my feats of agility, and frightful, though not fatal, falls, were recollected, it became generally believed that I had either sold myself to the devil, or was, myself, that celebrated individual. I now began to prepare myself for immediate escape, in case I should be legally prosecuted. I had hitherto been unable, when suspended in the air, to lower myself at my pleasure; for I was unable to make my pump act upon itself, and therefore, when I endeavoured to take it with me, its own weight always prevented my making any considerable rise. I have since recollected, indeed, that had I made two pumps, and extracted the weight from one by means of the other, I might have carried the light one up with me, and filled myself, by its means, with gravity, when I wished to descend. However, this plan, as I said, having escaped my reflection, I set painfully about devising some method of carrying about gravity with me in a neutralized state, and giving it operation and energy when it should suit my convenience. After long labour and expensive experiments, I hit upon the following simple method:—

You will readily imagine that this subtle fluid, call it gravitation, or weight, or attraction, or what you will, pervading as it does every body in nature, impalpable and invisible, would occupy an extremely small space when packed in its pure and unmixed state. I found, after decomposing it, that besides the gases I mentioned before, there always remained a slight residuum, incombustible and insoluble. This was evidently a pure element, which I have called by a termination common among chemists, “gravium.”

When I admitted to it the other gases, except the azote of the atmosphere, it assumed a creamy consistence, which might be called "essential oil of gravitation;" and finally, when it was placed in contact with the atmosphere, it imbibed azote rapidly, became immediately invisible, and formed pure weight. I procured a very small elastic Indian-rubber bottle, into which I infused as much oil of gravity as I could extract from myself, carefully closed it, and squeezed it flat; and I found that by placing over the orifice an extremely fine gauze, and admitting the atmosphere through it (like the celebrated English Davy Lamp), as the bottle opened by its own elasticity, the oil became weight; and when I squeezed it again, the azote receded through the gauze, and left the weightless oil. Thank Heaven, I was now in possession of the ultimatum of my inquiries, the means of jumping into the air without any weight, and the power of assuming it when I wished to descend. As I feared, I was indicted as a sorcerer, and condemned to be hung; I concealed my bottle under my arm, ascended the scaffold, avowed my innocence, and was turned off. I counterfeited violent convulsions, but was careful to retain just weight enough to keep the rope tight. In the evening, when the populace had retired, I gently extricated my neck, walked home, and prepared to leave my country. At Petersburg I heard that Captain Khark of Voronetz was about to sail to India to bombard a British fortress. I demanded an interview. "Sir," said I, "I am an unhappy man, whose misfortunes have compelled him to renounce his country. I am in possession of an art by which I can give you accurate intelligence of every thing going on in the fortress you are to attack; and I offer you my services, provided you will give me a passage and keep my secret." I saw by his countenance he considered me an impostor. "Sir," I said, "promise me secrecy, and you shall behold a specimen of my art." He assented. I squeezed the little bottle under my arm, sprung upward, and played along the ceiling to his great amaze. He was a man of honour, and kept his promise; and in six months we arrived off the coast of Coromandel. Here I made one of the greatest mistakes in my life. I had frequently practised my art during the first part of the voyage for the amusement of the sailors; and instead of carrying my gravity-bottle with me, I used to divest myself of just sufficient gravity to leap mast-high, and descend gently on the deck; and by habit I knew the exact quantity which was requisite in northern climes. But when I had ascended to view the fortress near the equator, I found too late that I had extracted far too much, and for this reason: If you hold an orange at its head and stalk, by the forefinger and thumb, and spin it with velocity, you will see that small bodies will be thrown with rapidity from those parts which lie midway between the finger and thumb, while those that are nearer are far less affected by the rotatory motion. It was just so with me. I had been used to descend in the northern climates with a very slight weight: but I now found, that in the equatorial regions I was

thrown upward with considerable strength. A strong sea-breeze was blowing. I was borne rapidly away from the astonished crew, passed over the fortress, narrowly escaped being shot, and found myself passing in the noblest manner over the whole extent of India. Habit had entirely divested me of fear, and I experienced the most exquisite delight in viewing that fine country spread out like a map beneath me. I recognised the scenes of historical interest. *There* rolled the Hydaspes, by the very spot where Porus met Alexander. *There* lay the track of Mahmoud the great Gaznevide. I left the beautiful Kashmir on the right. I passed over the head-quarters of Persia in her different ages, Herat, Ispahan, Kamadan. Then came Arbela on my right, where a nation, long cooped up in a country scarce larger than Candia, had overthrown the children of the great Cyrus, and crushed a dynasty whose sway reached uninterrupted for 2000 miles. I saw the tomb of Gordian, on the extreme frontier of his empire—a noble spot for the head of a nation of warriors. I skimmed along the plain where Crassus and Galerius, at the interval of three hundred years, had learnt on the same unhappy field that Rome could bleed. A strong puff from the Levant whirled me to the northward, and dropped me at length on a ridge of Mount Caucasus, fatigued and hungry. I assuaged my hunger with mountain mosses, and slept a few hours as well as the extreme cold would permit me. On waking, the hopelessness of my situation distressed me much. After passing over so many hot countries, where the exhalations from the earth had enabled my body to imbibe gravitation more rapidly than usual, I had gradually moved northward, where the centrifugal force of the earth had much decreased. From these two causes, and in this wild country, without the means of chemically assisting myself, I now found my body too heavy to trust again to the winds—intrenched as I was, between the Black Sea and the Caspian, but without weight to give firmness to my step; without the lightness of a fowl I had all its awkward weakness in water. The savage natives cast lots for me, and I became a slave. My strange lightness was a source of mirth to all, even to my fellow-servants; and I found, by experience, how little weight a man bears in society who has lost his gravity. When I attempted to dig, I rose without effect on my spade. Sometimes when I bore a load of wood on my shoulders, it felt so top-heavy, that upon the slightest wind I was sure to tumble over—and then I was chastised: my mistress one day hoisted me three miles by a single kick on the breech. But however powerless against lateral pressure, it was observed with amaze how easily I raised the vast weights under which the most powerful men in the country sunk; for, in fact, my legs being formed to the usual capabilities of mankind, had now little or no weight of body to support: I was, therefore, enabled to carry ten or twelve stone in addition to a common burden. It was this strength that enabled me to throw several feet from the earth a native who had attacked me. He was stunned by the fall, but,

on rising, with one blow he drove me a hundred yards before him. I took to my heels, determined, if possible, to escape this wretched life. The whole country was on foot to pursue me, for I had doubly deserved death; I had bruised a freeman, and was a fugitive slave. But notwithstanding the incredible agility of these people in their native crags, their exact knowledge of the clefts in the hills, the only passes between the eternal snows, and my own ignorance, I utterly baffled their pursuit by my want of weight, and the energy which despair supplied me. Sometimes when they pressed hardest on me, I would leap up a perpendicular crag, twenty feet high, or drop down a hundred. I bent my steps towards the Black Sea, determined, if I could reach the coast, to seek a passage to some port in Cathenoslaw, and retire where I might pass the remainder of my life, under a feigned name, with at least the satisfaction of dying in the dominions of my legitimate sovereign, Alexander.

Exhausted and emaciated, I arrived at a straggling village, the site of the ancient Pityus. This was the last boundary of the Roman power on the Euxine—and to this wretched place state exiles are frequently doomed. The name became proverbial; and, I understand, has been so far adopted by the English, that the word "Pityus" is, to this day, most adapted to the lips of the banished. In a small vessel we sailed for Azof; but when we came off the straits of Caffa, where the waters of the Don are poured into the Euxine, a strong current drove us on a rock, and in a fresh gale the ship went speedily to pieces. I gave myself up for lost, and heard the crew, one after the other, gurgle in the waves and scream their last, while I lay struggling and buffeting for life. But after the first hurry for existence, I found I had exhausted myself uselessly, for my specific gravity being so trifling, I was enabled to lie on the surface of the billows without any exertion, and even to sit upon the wave as securely as a couch. I loosened my neck-cloth, and spreading it wide with my hands and teeth, I trusted myself to the same winds that had so often pelted me at their mercy, and always spared me. In this way I traversed the Euxine. I fed on the scraps that floated on the surface—sometimes dead fish, and once or twice on some inquisitive stragglers whose curiosity brought them from the deep to contemplate the strange sail. Two days I floated in misery, and a sleepless night; by night I dared not close my eyes for fear of falling backward—and by day I frequently passed objects that filled me with despair—fragments of wrecks; and then I looked on my own sorry craft: once I struck my feet against a drowned sailor, and it put me in mind of myself. At last I landed safe on the beach, between Odessa and Otchacow, traversed the Ukraine, and, by selling the little curiosities I had picked up on my passage, I have purchased permission to reside for the rest of my days unknown and unseen in a large forest near Minsk. Here, within the gray crumbling walls of a castle, that fell with the independence of this unhappy

country, I await my end. I have left little to regret at my native Moscow; neither friends, nor reputation, nor lawful life; and I had failed in a love which was dearer to me than reputation—than life—than gravity itself. I have established an apparatus, on improved principles, to operate on gravity; and I am now employed, day and night, for the benefit, not more of the present generation, than of all of mankind that are to come. In fact, I am laboriously and unceasingly extracting the gravitation from the earth, in order to bring it nearer the sun; and though, by thus diminishing the earth's orbit, I fear I shall confuse the astronomical tables and calculations, I am confident I shall improve the temperature of the globe. How far I have succeeded, may be guessed from the recent errors in the Almanacs about the eclipses, and from the late mild winters.

RELICS OF POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.*

From the *European Magazine*.

THE SPECTRE HARPER.

THOSE who possess records of French jurisprudence as it was in the beginning of the eighteenth century, know how much the power of magic, charms, and sorcerers, perplexed the doctors of the Sorbonne, even at that period. St André tells us gravely, in his disquisition printed at Paris in 1725, of the antics performed by one James Noel, of Haye-du-Puis, in Normandy, about the year 1669, in company with a certain tall black man, "having horns on his head, sparkling eyes, a switch in one hand, and a lighted candle of pitch in the other." Thus equipped, this venerable master of the ceremonies held balls *à fresco* in the woods by moonlight, notwithstanding Judge Boguet, the Parliament of Rouen, and all the troopers that could be mustered. The great Prince of Condé himself visited a witch: and one of the fairest ladies of Louis the fourteenth's court was suspected of keeping a familiar imp, because she allowed her dog to sit at table with her. Let us not be surprised, therefore, if witchcraft had its believers only a few years ago in the remoter parts of this island, and if there are still some persons who exercise that magic which, as an eminent Frenchwoman once said when tried for sorcery, is the power of great minds over less.

2W ATHENÆUM VOL. 5.

There is in the county of Cardigan, South Wales, a parish called Llanbadarn Fawr, of great note among antiquaries. Llan, when added to the name of a saint, implies a place of worship, and the Padarn, or patron-saint, of this parish wore a gigantic coat of mail, which may be still seen in the catalogue of princely rarities kept at Caerlyon. Within the last thirty years the country resembled an open field, on which any man might keep what number of sheep he pleased; and wild horses and wild cattle ran out all the winter in common. The people, simple, hardy, and active, retained some customs very friendly to early marriages and good neighbourhood. According to one of these customs, the bailiff of the little manor of Rhydonnen came at the dawn of Easter Monday to an ancient chapel, where the young women and old champions had been seated all night, to see fair play among the wrestlers assembled there by long-established privilege. There, having rung his bell three times, the bailiff announced, in a loud voice, the intended marriage of David Gwynne and Lillian Morrisson the following Saturday. Much elevation of noses and expansion of mouths happened among the swains and spinsters; and after the usual debate on the betrothed parties' choice

"By the author of "Legends," &c.

the unmarried part of the assembly adjourned, as such occasions required, to the nearest inn's parlour, where a blank book was opened for subscriptions. An ancient and bountiful Welch custom directs that the friends and neighbours of persons approaching the holy state shall furnish their tenement with the most useful articles of furniture and of bridal festivity; each giver placing his name or mark opposite the name of his gift, in a book already mentioned, which is duly kept by the wedded pair, that an article of the same kind, or equal value, may be given at his or her marriage. The benefits of this reciprocal benevolence need no comment, and the honest groupe collected at the sign of St. Gurig on the day which begins my story seemed well disposed to exemplify it. But as David Gwynne had a farm of £10 per annum, which fed two hundred sheep, and Lillian's father was supposed to possess a rich mine of lead ore in his own right, the gifts on this occasion were rather tokens of good will and intended revelry than mere household equipage. Not a maiden or youth was present whose emulation or friendship did not induce him or her to subscribe the book, except one, who stood mournfully and in silence among the crowd. This idle spectator was the betrothed bride's cousin, Idwal ap Morris, a youth about her own age, and much resembling her in beauty, though his intellects were far inferior, and had been impaired, it was thought, by too long and disappointed dotage on his uncle's daughter. As he had some money, and might inherit more, the damsels of Llanbadarn wondered at his failure, and saw no great deficiency in his merits. They gathered round him with a mixture of sly malice and curiosity, to ask why he did not subscribe his name to a new tea-kettle and set of china, which were wanted to complete his kinswoman's equipment. The parish-clerk promised to provide him with a doleful elegy to send with it; and the schoolmaster added, laughing, "Let him, as Theocritus saith, offer another calf to love."—Idwal heard these taunts without smile

or words, but on the eve of the bridal day he was seen on the high road from Aberdovey to Cardigan leading a fatted calf with great care and speed. Now Fortune, willing to verify the maxim that weddings and burials are near each other, or being bountifully disposed to gratify the good people of Llanbadarn with both, brought at the same hour a magnificent hearse on that road. The most pompous and solemn part of its office was already done, and it was returning, with only one attendant, through a narrow defile in this mountainous tract, when it encountered the Welch Cymon and his companion. These, being jealous of their importance, insisted on precedence, and the driver of the black vehicle declared it waited for no man's bidding. The dispute was referred to the usual mode of Cambrian arbitration, a wrestling-match, for which the hearse-driver alighted, and Idwal opened its door, prudently intending to deposit his calf within it as a place of safety. But at that instant another hand seized the hearse-door from within, and a skeleton face resembling him who presides over the vehicle, put itself forth. A spectacle so unexpected and ghastly made Idwal cover his face, and exclaim, "Nay, man, I'll not fight Death and his coachman too—In St. Gurig's name, get ye on!" The black caravan disappeared, and Idwal hastened forward with his nuptial offering, taking care to dip it in Ffynon Gurig, or the saints' well, to purify it from sorcery.

A bright May-morning assembled all the assistants of a marriage-ceremony at Llanbadarn. As ancient and peculiar custom dictates, they set forth to the habitation of Lillian's father, carrying the gifts designed to decorate her's and enrich the wedding-feast in it. Kinsmen and bridesmaids came in their best attire, led by Idwal, mounted on one of the low lean horses of Cardiganshire, dressed in the ragged black cassock he had stolen from the parish-clerk, probably as a kind of mourning, or because it belonged to the best village poet, for, as he said, he came to give his cousin away to David Gwynne,

and to perform the part of bard at her marriage. Cambrian ceremony requires that the bride should be carried to church by her nearest relative's horse, after much solicitation in extempore verse. Idwal proffered himself gallantly as brideman, with a wreath of daisies and mistletoe in one hand and a bottle in the other, filled with water from St. Gurig's well, which ensures sovereignty to the wife if she can obtain a draught before her husband. Lillian, looking as meek and pale as the daisies in his coronet, underwent the mimicry of a forcible conveyance on her kinsman's rough palfrey and a long ride to the parish church, followed by a mirthful assemblage on horse and foot, listening to their own jests more than to the music of a harper, to whom the bride, not unmindful of the rites of hospitality even at the happiest and busiest period of her life, had given a cup of milk and a bed of clean straw when he arrived at Llanbadarn the night before. Lillian grew paler as she entered the church, for the wreath of paper-lilies which indicates the funeral of a bride was still hanging near the altar; and the chief string of the musician's harp broke as he passed the porch;—an omen of the direst import. It was not long unconfirmed—the bridegroom was absent, and could not be found. The confusion of surprise changed very soon among the spectators into hints and suspicions. Those who envied Lillian's beauty remembered that her mother was not a wife, that she had no inheritance, except, perhaps, the frailty of that mother; and both or either of these truths seemed sufficient to justify her lover's desertion. Many of the high-blooded and rigid old Welchmen swore they saw no wonder in any perfidy committed by a man who could stoop to take up a seared leaf when he might be himself the topmost branch of the tree; for David Gwynne was heir presumptive to Lillian's father, and the sage gossips in the neighbourhood decreed that her mother was justly punished for contriving to ensnare him. All declared no better fortune ought to attend a wedding-day appointed when the bride's father lay on his death-bed: and

Lillian, who had set out attended by "smiles, mouth-honour, and troops of friends," returned forlorn and disconsolate, with all the blame usually heaped on the unfortunate. Only two of the bridal procession returned with her to her home, where her miserable mother received her with clamorous and vulgar reproaches, made more bitter by her own consciousness that she had half-caused this calamity. But Idwal, who had never left Lillian's side during her journey, interposed in her favour, not by arguments but by tears, which softened even her mother, whose love for her offspring was in proportion to the fierceness of her uncultivated nature. Perhaps in this moment of cruel disappointment, Maud would have been inclined to offer the rejected bride to her first lover, if the shame and anguish in Lillian's eyes had not silenced her. And though an erring and hard-browed woman, she understood the modest and sorrowful distance observed by Idwal, who possessed, notwithstanding his dim intellects, that pride in pure blood which distinguishes Wales. Night came, while Lillian, her mother, and her kinsman, were still brooding over their affliction together, but without any interchange of thought, when old Nicol Penmawl entered, the only lawyer who found bread in the village. The poor girl would have hidden herself, but he intimated that his visit concerned her; and after a preface which even his hard heart deemed necessary, he explained, that David Gwynne would not fulfil his promise of marriage to Lillian, unless her father signed an absolute and entire deed of gift in his favour. She replied nothing, and wept in agony; while her mother burst into a furious invective against Gwynne's selfishness and treachery: adding, that he well knew how completely she might have shut him from his succession by obtaining a bequest of all to her daughter.

"That is well said, Mistress Maud," said the man of law—"but it behoves a crow to take care of his nest when a hen-sparrow has crept into it. Old Arthur Morris has great love for you, and my client must know what money

is left, and where it is. Let Lillian's father give all to her, and she may give it to her husband."

This hint was sufficiently intelligible. Maud received it with a churlish sort of smile, and Idwal with a cry of antic joy, as if in his zeal to comfort his disgraced cousin, he had forgotten that such a gift would deprive him of all share in his uncle's wealth, on which he depended for subsistence. They took Lillian, notwithstanding her tears and resistance, into another chamber, where her father lay in the heedless stupor which had hung on him many years. Maud had been a miser's concubine too long not to know when and how to be a virago. She pointed to her weeping and dishevelled daughter, accused him of barring her marriage by his avarice, and beckoning the lawyer, who had come prepared with a deed of gift in due form, urged him, with shrill and vehement entreaties, to sign it. The infirm old man, whose life and intellects were wasted to their last spark, suddenly raised himself from his matress, drew aside the long loose hair which poor Lillian had shaken over her face, and seemed endeavouring to recollect her. Then his eyes fixed themselves on her mother, whose harsh features were reddened by the light she held over the parchment she required him to sign. "Woman," said he, laying his hand on it with a quivering and convulsive grasp, "I do give thee all—all ye have come here to ask for—Thou hast shut my gate against my first-born, and driven him from my hearth—so thy own children's children shall have neither gate nor hearth, kindred nor guardians, except among wild kites and ravens. Thou hast been an adder in my house, and the wolf will come into thine." Maud trembled, and drew back; and Arthur, pointing to the meagre attorney, whom he probably mistook, in the disorder of his darkening ideas, for his presumptive heir, added, "David Gwynne, thou hast come into my land to make my child poor—see that thy own be not wanderers, and cast out. Take my land, and feed the worms in it."—The last contortion of death mingled with

the grim smile of vindictive scorn as he spoke, and his eyes stiffened before the sudden flash of ire had faded in them. He expired, and Lillian's mother after a few hysteric screams, vented her impotent grief and rage on the man of law, who skulked away from the storm, satisfied that his client might now possess the wealth he coveted without the penalty of marriage. He left the house muttering, "David Gwynne will be well quit of both these shrews. A man must live in fire who keeps a she tiger."

Maud understood this inuendo, and it roused her ready spirit of invention and enterprize to save her daughter and defeat her enemy. The deed engrossed by Penmawl lay still on old Arthur Morris's bed clenched in his hand, which had grasped it in the last pang of existence. Why should not his name be added, since that alone was wanting to give Lillian possession of her father's estate, and to punish her mercenary lover?—It was a precious and irrecoverable crisis, which her mother determined not to lose. Suddenly she remembered the vagrant harper who had begged a night's lodging among the straw in her outhouse; and calling him from his slumber, she asked if he could write his name as a witness to a trifling paper. But this man, whose eyes had something awful and preternatural in them, replied sternly, "Thy daughter gave me milk in her prosperity, and I will give her bread in her affliction. When the morning star shines, dig under this straw, and that which is sought shall be found." He departed as he spoke, and Maud, no less superstitious than corrupt, was careful to obey him. She searched secretly, and discovered a small leathern bag containing a paper, on which was distinctly written, "I give all to Lillian ap Morris." It had no witnesses, but the signature resembled old Arthur's, and she determined to assert that it was his hand-writing, as its date was the present day. His death was not announced till a late hour of the following, when the presumptive heir came, as our female Machiavel expected, to claim his inheritance, and

was tauntingly shewn the paper which consigned it wholly to Lillian,

But the farthest calculations of knavery are soon baffled, as the most cunning animals are short-sighted. Instead of proffering marriage again to his deserted bride, David Gwynne established a protest against the validity of her father's last deed. Maud and Idwal were arrested on suspicion ; but Lillian absconded with such speed and secresy as to baffle the strict search made for her while a court of justice examined the deed, to which her mother had given all the semblance of forgery by asserting more than the truth. It was one of the thousand cases that perplex and dishonour human judgment. David Gwynne's attorney was, as I have said, the most prosperous one in Llanbadarn, perhaps because one of the most crafty, yet he could not disprove Maud's assertion that Arthur Morris had survived the moment which he thought his last, and the signature resembled his crooked and confused hand-writing. But tho' Idwal bore his examination with stubborn and sometimes shrewd, zeal in Lillian's favour, his imperfect intellect betrayed him into hints which discovered the harper's share in the transaction. That imperfect intellect saved him from the fatal consequences of the forgery, when it seemed undeniably proved. Pardon, in consideration of her age, and other circumstances, was granted to Maud, whose sins and struggles for the advancement of her daughter ended in utter ruin. She survived only a few days, and Lillian was seen no more.

But the total disappearance of the harper, who had acted so remarkable a part in this transaction, could not be explained. All the bridal crowd at Llanbadarn had noticed his lean unearthly aspect, and none knew, or could conjecture, how he came, except the driver of the hearse I have once mentioned, who remembered that a spectre-shape in such attire had travelled some miles in his vehicle, with an air of composure which implied too intimate acquaintance with the dead. This shadowy harper, therefore, was pronounced to be the **ghost** or spirit of old Arthur Morris, which had visited the church

and hovered round his house before his decease, according to the usual privileges of such apparitions. But as signing wills is not among the allowed performances of shadows, this busy phantom spread deep terror among the rustics of this district, and neither the road where it had journeyed, nor the chapel where its music had been heard, were ever entered after twilight. Strange melodies were said to sound in the lonely hollow called Eorphan, or the place of the dead, near the river Rheidiol, and death-lights appeared on its banks ; from whence the simple natives concluded that Lillian had taken refuge from shame and penury under its waters. No human resident ventured to settle near them, except a creature so withered and wild in its attire that it hardly could be called female. As this creature seemed old, poor, and desolate, the few who lived in the neighbourhood called her the *Witch of Rheidiol*, or the *Water Sprite*, though she made no pretension to magic power except begging milk or bread, and paying for it only with a blessing. Either fear or charity induced the poor cottagers to be liberal in their gifts of food ; and dances no less marvellous than the black ballet-master's in Normandy, were said to be performed at midnight on the river. But these tales did not prevent a traveller from paying a visit to these unhallowed places, to see the rainbow and arrowy light often visible there at the noon of night. This traveller, whom I shall call Judge Lloyd, because that name was afterwards borne by a man who resembled him in firmness and sagacity, pursued his way between two walls of rock divided by a little stream, which suddenly leaped through a narrow rent and escaped from sight. He forced himself thro' the chasm, tempted by a light which shone far within a kind of cavern roofed with sloping rocks, and furnished with a porch composed of dwarf sycamores, whose branches were knit into a pleasant treillis. Here he stopped to reconnoitre, hearing a plaintive voice singing a remnant of ancient Cambrian poetry ascribed to Llydwarch Hen, the Bard of Arthur's court.

"Y ddeilen hon neu cynnyred gwynn
Gwae hi o' hi thingod
Hi hen !"

"This leaf, is it not blown about by the wind ?
Woe to it for its fate !
Alas, it is old !.....
The hall of Cyndyllan is gloomy this night,
Without a covering, without a fire.....
He is dead, and I, alas ! am living.
That hearth.....will it not be covered with nettles
Whilst its defender lived
It warmed the hearts of petitioners."

The traveller had heard these words in the best days of his youth, and he sighed at their strange concurrence with some passages of his secret history. As his curiosity was sustained and justified by a benevolent desire to discover the reputed haunts of witchcraft, and as music promises gentleness, he hazarded a step towards the threshold. But a lean hag-like figure, attired in the ragged remnant of a black silk cassock, brandished a formidable staff across his path. To the Judge's courteous question, this hideous sentinel replied, "*Nid ychwi mo mhabsanti*;" signifying, "Thou art not my patron-saint or confessor;" and added, with something like the fervent wildness of an ancient bard, "If thou comest to wound the sleeping fawn, beware lest the stag trample on thee." The intrepid Judge only answered by uncovering his face, and looking stedfastly at his opponent, who fell prostrate at his feet with a cry of terror which brought forth the inhabitants of the hut—Lillian and her child ! She instantly recognized the spectre-harper, but till he had embraced her a thousand times, and recalled to her me-

mory almost as many forgotten circumstances, she did not believe or recognise her only brother, the long lost adventurer who had left his father's home in his early youth. Since her deep disgrace, she had lived in this solitude, fed and sheltered by the idiot Idwal, whose fantastic and half-feminine attire gained him the homage paid to witchcraft, and enabled him to preserve their abode from detection. Faithful to that devout affection which seemed the only unchangeable instinct of his wandering mind, and the sole occupation of his life, he had built her hut, begged her bread, and watched her steps as a doe watches her young, when all else had abandoned her to famine and despair. "My father prophesied in his anger," said Lillian, "that my child should have neither gate nor hearth, and be nestled among wild ravens: but it has found bread in their nests, and they are more merciful than the world to a sinner."—"You shall return to the world," answered the good Judge, "and find it never denies respect to modest and sincere penitence. No part of the guilt of forgery rests on your head or on Idwal's. The harper's dress was a safe disguise when I came back unexpected to a home where I had no friends ; but I signed a name which belonged to me, and only gave you by that deed of gift what my father's death, I knew, had entitled me to give. The sentence shall be repealed, the avaricious heir displaced, and the world will laugh to see justice administered by a Spectre Harper."

V.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

The opinions of our most eminent men have been divided as to the existence of spirits, or their ability to re-appear upon the earth they have left; but it appears to me not inconsistent with the tenets of our religion to suppose that the disembodied souls of our friends may sometimes pass before our view, for some great but unknown end.

THE SPECTRE.

It was an unpleasant afternoon, the sun had but a little time to linger before he left us in darkness. It was very warm, and scarce a breath of air ruffled the leaves of the trees. I opened my chamber window, flung myself on my bed, hoping to sleep away the sultry hours of twilight. I soon found that I was not courting the balmy sweets of sleep in vain—my eyelids grew heavy, and my thoughts unsettled. I had not reclined long in this situation when I saw my brother enter my chamber—the tears rolled down his cheeks, and his eyes were red with weeping—he approached me with a faltering step, and in broken accents told me to hurry and receive the blessings of an expiring father. I immediately ran down stairs, and the first object I saw was Louisa—she caught me by the arm and inquired whither I was going. I told her that my father was dying, and that I was hastening to kiss his lips before they should be for ever closed in death.

“You must not go, Henry,” said she, look at yon dark cloud burying the light beneath it. See how it climbs the sky—and how dreadful the wind blows—look at the dust rolling like the waves of the sea, and the lightning of heaven running along, and breaking through its dark covering.”

It was all true—the clear azure sky of the afternoon was now enveloped in darkness—the thunder roared as if it would rend the vault—the house shook as though the earth was troubled with an earthquake, and the wind whistled about the trees, and mourned piteously as it passed through the dark black forest. The proud oak was compelled to bow its head and own its power—the willow bent down to the earth, and many a gigantic tree that had towered for years its proud head above those by which it was surrounded, was hurled to the ground!

I loved Louisa, and had promised never to part from her—we were engaged to be married the ensuing day, and I had taken up my residence in her father's house until that happy time should arrive. Judge what was my surprise when I saw her endeavouring to detain me from, when she should have accompanied me to, my dying parent. I looked upon her with astonishment—there was a wildness in her eye, which at the same time beamed so benign that I was forced to tear myself from her arms. I ran to the door to look for my brother, but he had gone. I went immediately to the stable, saddled my horse, and took the shortest rout that led to my home. It was a road that few persons would travel after dark, for any consideration. Ghosts in all their unearthly shapes were said to hover around it; and many an old woman could tell how they nightly made their appearance. Some in the form of tall, gaunt

spirits, with a white cap, that was sure to be buttoned under the left ear, and a rope around a long slim neck. These every body knew were the spirits of those unfortunate beings that had been executed and buried in the pottersfield adjoining the road. Others came with wide-extended jaws. These were terrible, they would seize a man riding by, and eat him, together with his horse! No one was at a loss to know that these were the representatives of beggars, who had starved to death. The last species of spectres no person need fear, they were very harmless, and might be carried in the palm of your hand without leaving the smell of brimstone behind them. These were no others than those, who, in their life-time had promised several visits to their friends, but neglected to pay them, and intended now to make up the deficiency, by calling often. They would step in to see their acquaintances, and if they were not at home they left a card, which it must be confessed always smelt of sulphur when it was burnt. If their friends should happen to be within, they would sit by their side, talk of the electoral law, caucus nominations, the candidates for president, and the tariff bill. These honest souls would always retire before twelve o'clock. I have heard some say that they would get in liquor, but this assertion I never credited.

Although now I can ridicule these things, yet when the truth that I am here relating what really happened, I can assure you, these hobgoblin stories made a great impression on my mind, and no person avoided their acquaintance more than myself. Under these circumstances I hesitated a moment whether I should take a road so replete with danger; but there was no time to be lost, and I spurred my horse forward.

It was so dark and stormy that I was completely lost after I had proceeded about half a mile. The rapid streaks of lightning were my guide, and the steed upon which I rode was so fractious that he flew back at every light that burst upon him. A glaring flash, that was succeeded by a peal of thunder, struck near my horse's feet—he sprang about three yards, and fell. I was thrown a considerable distance off his back, against a large stone. I heard a noise like the footsteps of some mighty giant, and saw something pass me so swift that it seemed on the wings of the wind, but it was so dark that I was unable to discover its form distinctly.

It was evident that I was in the so much dreaded potters' field. The thoughts of being in such a place, at so late an hour of the night, made me tremble violently. I groped about in hopes to find my horse, but it was in vain. I came in contact with several tomb-stones, and fell over the graves. A few yards before me I thought I perceived something white. I know not what compelled me forward, other than my utmost distracted brain—I went towards it, and thinking it was but a head-stone, clasped it in my arms, hoping it would support me—it sighed and fell!! I shrunk back as if I had been hugging a spectre to my embrace. A cold sweat came over me, my teeth chattered, and every limb seemed unnerved. I stood like a frozen monument of fear, with my eyes fixed

upon the strange being—it groaned aloud, and turned over!!

The clouds now began to disappear, and showed the smiling face of the moon. The heavens shot forth all their light, which when compared with the darkness that had enveloped me, seemed like the rays of the rising sun, only they were softer. The wind that had blown such a hurricane, and the thunder that had so alarmed me was succeeded by a calm, like that in which the weary sailor finds himself, after the fatigues of a boisterous storm. A little breeze, however, still lingered, to fan my burning cheeks. Here and there a cloud would cross the fair moon, and hide its chaste light from the view; but its silver rays would not long be confined before they would make their appearance, shine forth more beautiful than ever, and leave a golden circle around its black veil. The silence that reigned around me, and the situation in which I was placed, made me an indescribable object of fear. The rising hillocks of new-made graves, and the elf that laid at my feet, so terrified me that, collecting all my strength, with a mighty effort, I called aloud, and murder trembled on my lips. My first and second cries were echoed back from the hills, without the reply of a human voice. My last, however, was more successful. Three men approached. I soon perceived, by their dress, that they were the watchmen of the night. As they came up to me, I know not why, I endeavoured to avoid their sight, hoping they would take care of the body I so much dreaded.

I crept behind a grave, and saw them lift up the body—it sighed and seemed in agony.

“Here has been murder” vociferated one of them; “look for the murderer.”

They came towards and dragged me forward. It was in vain I protested my innocence. One seized me by the collar, and the other two lifted up the body, which I now saw was that of a murdered lady. I was soon conveyed to the watch-house, pushed through the door, and dragged to a desk, from behind which arose an old red-faced man, who, after yawning, and coughing for a considerable time, inquired what was my accusation.

“He has committed murder,” said the watchmen.

As soon as he heard my accuser, he directed them to take me farther off, and seizing a club, swore if I stirred he would knock out my brains.

I attempted to speak, but my agony and indignation (which was interpreted to guilt) was so great that I could not. The watchmen that were stretched on the benches, asleep, had all gathered around me, they looked upon me as a murderer, and as such determined I should not escape.

They searched my pockets, took out every thing from them, and almost stripped my clothes from off my back. After which I was ordered to be put in the “black hole.” I begged they would hear me, but my petition was refused, and with the epithet of “a noisy murderous rascal.” I was hurried in a dark dungeon—the doors creaked upon their hinges as they were closed, the bars were pushed to secure them,

and the watchman uttering many bitter oaths, departed. I heard his footsteps on the stairs, and as the last faintly fell upon my ear I swooned. I cannot tell how long I remained in this situation, but when my senses returned I found myself in the same bed, and exactly the like situation I was in when I reclined in the afternoon to sleep!

At first I thought my horrible adventure was only a vision, but the entrance of Louisa, holding a cup in her hand, with her hair loose about her neck, and a wild anxiety in her eye, soon banished this belief.

"Are you better?" said she, in a broken voice.

"Better!" said I—"have I not been in the torments of the damned—have I not breathed the noisome fogs of a dungeon—and ask you me if I am better, when a guardian angel thus keeps her vigil over me? Oh, Louisa, tell me, what is my fate? I am innocent—indeed I am."

She fell upon my neck, and her scalding tears watered my aching breast.

"Is my doom then fixed?" said I—"and are you come to bid me farewell for ever?"

Louisa raised her head—and looking in my face, asked me what was the matter.

"Surely," said she, "you must be ill. Tell me what I can do for you—you know to-morrow night we are to be married—does that distress you?"

Again I began to hope that it was but a dream.

"Tell me Louisa," cried I, "where have I been?"

"Not out of the room;" she answered, "but you have ran around it with your pillow in your arms like a wild man, pulling and tearing every thing that came within your reach."

I now saw that my sad adventure was but a ramble of thought. I told Louisa my dream—the next night made her mine for ever—and our little prattling babes listen with delight at my strange vision.

"I would have ran away," exclaims my oldest son Jeremiah.

"And I would not have been afraid of a ghost," says my little Theodore.

My story teaches them not to fear what can never exist.

T.

THE THREE PERILS OF MAN ; OR, WAR, WOMEN, AND WITCHCRAFT.

A BORDER ROMANCE BY JAMES HOGG.

[From the *Three Perils of Man, or War, Women, and Witchcraft*, it would appear hardly possible we should escape, or, at least, from the persevering industry and very prolific genius of Mr. Hogg, of which *a Border Romance*, in three volumes, is no slight additional proof. Judging from this specimen, we are sorry to observe that the excellence of his literary efforts seems by no means to keep pace with the multiplicity of his works. Though the first volume is in parts finely and powerfully written, the story begins to droop and fall away sadly before it reaches the end. Were it not for the aid of Magic, with the frequent and compassionate feats of wizards, ghosts, devils, and brownies, always conveniently at hand, we really think the border romance would never have got across the Scottish borders. The chivalric period and good King Robert, it seems, have helped him over, though we cannot but think he must more than once have stuck fast. The times and the characters are nevertheless very touchingly and romantically drawn, and we have some good sieges, both of love and war, battles, and wild hair-breadth adventures and escapes, which, with some exertion, succeed in keeping us awake to the end of the third volume.]

To exhibit Mr. Hogg's style and manner as well as his abilities, where he has not allowed other extravagance to run away with him, we shall select one or two of his happier passages. The following trait of the siege of Roxburgh, founded on fact we believe, is well told and applied.]

THE garrison were already reduced to the greatest extremes; they were feeding on their horses and on salted hides; and, two or three days previous to this, their only communication with their countrymen had been cut off, they could not tell how. It was at best only precarious, being carried on in the following singular way.—The besieged had two communications with the river, by secret covered ways from the interior of the fortress. In each of these they had a small windlass, that wound on and let off a line nearly a mile in length. The lines were very small, being made of plaited brass wire; and putting a buoy on a hook at the end of each one of these, they let them down the water. Their friends knowing the very spot where they stopped, watched, and put dispatches on the hooks, with fish, beef, venison, and every kind of convenience, which they pulled up below the water, sometimes for a whole night together; and though this proved but a scanty supply for a whole garrison, it was for a long time quite regular, and they depended a good deal on it.

But one night it so chanced that an old fisherman, who fished for the monastery, had gone out with his coble by night to spear salmon in the river. He had a huge blaze flaming in a grate that stood exalted over the prow of his wherry; and with the light of that he pricked the salmon out of their deep recesses

with great acuteness. As he was plying his task he perceived a fish of a very uncommon size and form scouring up the river with no ordinary swiftness.—At first he started, thinking he had seen the devil: but a fisher generally strikes at every thing he sees in the water. He struck it with his barbed spear, called on Tweed a *leister*, and in a moment had it into his boat. It was an excellent sirloin of beef. The man was in utter amazement, for it was dead, and lay without moving, like other butcher-meat; yet he was sure he saw it running up the water at full speed. He never observed the tiny line of plaited wire, nor the hook, which indeed was buried in the lire; and we may judge with what surprise he looked on this wonderful fish—this phenomenon of all aquatic productions. However, as it seemed to lie peaceably enough, and looked very well as a piece of beef, he resolved to let it remain, and betake himself again to his business. Never was there an old man so bewildered as he was, when he again looked into the river,—never either on Tweed or any other river on earth. Instead of being floating down the river peaceably in his boat, as one naturally expects to do, he discovered that he was running straight against the stream. He expected to have missed about fifty yards of the river by his adventure with the beef; but—no!—instead of that he was about the same distance advanced in his return up the

stream. The windlass at the castle, and the invisible wire line, of which he had no conception, having been still dragging him gradually up. "Saint Mary, the mother of God, protect and defend poor Sandy Yellowlegs!" cried he; "What can be the meaning of this? Is the world turned upside down? Aha! our auld friend, Michael Scott, has some hand i' this! He's no to cree legs wi': I's be quits wi' him." With that he tumbled his beef again into the water, which held on its course with great rapidity straight up the stream, while he and his boat returned quietly in the contrary and natural direction.

"Aye, there it goes," cried Sandy, "straight on for Aikwood! I's warrant that's for the warlock's an' the deil's dinner the morn. God be praised I'm free o't, or I should soon have been there too!"

Old Sandy fished down the river, but he could kill no more salmon that night,—for his nerves had got a shock with this new species of fishing that he could not overcome. He missed one; wounded another on the tail; and struck a third on the rigback, where no leister can pierce a fish, till he made him spring above water. Sandy grew chagrined at himself and the warlock, Michael Scott, too—for this last was what he called "a real prime fish." Sandy gripped the leister a little firmer, clenched his teeth, and drew his bonnet over his eyes to shield them from the violence of his blaze. He then banned the wizard into himself, and determined to kill the next fish that made his appearance. But, just as he was keeping watch in this guise, he perceived another fish something like the former, but differing in some degree, coming swagging up the river full speed. "My heart laup to my teeth," said Sandy, "when I saw it coming, and I heaved the leister, but durstna strike; but I lookit weel, an' saw plainly that it was either a side o' mutton or venison, I couldna tell whilk. But I loot it gang, an' shook my head. 'Aha, Michael, lad,' quo' I, 'ye hae countit afore your host for aince! Auld Sandy has beguiled ye. But ye weel expectit to gie him a canter to hell the

night.' I rowed my boat to the side, an' made a' the hast hame I could, for I thought auld Michael had taen the water to himself that night."

Sandy took home his few fish, and went to sleep, for all was quiet about the abbey and the cloisters of his friends, the monks; and when he awoke next morning he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses, regarding what he had seen during the night. He arose and examined his fishes, and could see nothing about them that was not about other salmon. Still he strongly suspected they too might be some connections of Michael's—something illusory, if not worse; and took care to eat none of them himself, delivering them all to the cook of the monastery. The monks ate them, and throve very well; and as Sandy had come by no bodily harm, he determined to try the fishing once again, and if he met with any more such fish of passage to examine them a little better. He went out with his boat, light, and fish-spear as usual; and scarcely had he taken his station, when he perceived one of a very uncommon nature approaching. He did not strike at it, but only put his leister-grains before it as if to stop its course, when he found the pressure against the leister very strong. On pulling the leister towards him, one of the barbs laid hold of the line by which the phenomenon was led; and not being able to get rid of it, he was obliged to pull it into the boat. It was a small cask of Malmsey wine; and at once, owing to the way it was drawn out, he discovered the hook and line fastened to the end of it. These he disengaged with some difficulty, the pull being so strong and constant; and the mystery was thus found out. In a few minutes afterwards he seized a large sheaf of arrows; and sometime after, at considerable intervals, a number of excellent sides of beef and venison."

This trade he carries on secretly for a while; but at last an English trooper consents to be drawn up the river, and seizes the sly Sandy, whose reward is that of being hanged over the Castle walls.

THE WILD BEASTS' BANQUET.

OF all the banquets on record or not on record, Reuben,—from those of the heroes in Homer downwards,—commend me to the banquet of the beasts at Exeter 'Change! The Lord Mayor's feast is a fool to it; and the coronation banquet itself (seeing that there was no Queen present at it) was but a *half-crown ordinary* in comparison!

I disclaim all insidious or invidious allusions; but let me ask, what alderman of the whole corporation can preside in so portly a manner, feed so cleanly, or consume so much at a meal, (and this latter qualification I take to be the measure of merit in the matter of eating, and the point to which the palm must be conceded,)—which of them all, I say, can in these particulars pretend to compare with alderman Elephant, who takes off a cart-load of carrots by way of dessert—washes them down with a washing-tub of water—and then wipes his trunk on a truss of hay by way of a towel, and eats it afterwards? And as for the late banquet at Westminster Hall,—it would, to be sure, not be legitimate to look upon that merely as an affair of eating; but I should be glad to know how it can be compared, even in other respects, with the one I am about to describe to you? Which of the pecesses, in the plenitude of her plumes, (borrowed from the ostrich upstairs) could compete in beauty with the panther, who sits down to dinner *in puris naturalibus*? The lords may boast of their furred robes, for each of which they are indebted to whole hecatombs of innocent little ermines; but the leopard may laugh at them all,—for *his* furred robe is furnished him by Nature herself, and would put to shame the workmanship of all the robemakers-royal in Christendom; and he can afford to wear it every day, because he gets a new one from the same source every year, without paying any thing for it.

But do you twit me with the lions-kings at arms, the champions, and the royal epicures themselves, who graced and glorified the banquet that I am,

by comparison, depreciating? It shall go hard but, in reply, I will furnish you with worthy *pendants* for them all and more, from among the company that grace *our* banquet. What royal epicure, though he were descended from Heliogabalus himself, would dare to dine on a liege subject of England and he a captain of grenadiers,—as did the cousin-german of the royal tiger that is here? And as for the champion, who had the courage to ride into the hall on horseback in the presence of his lawful sovereign,—I fancy he would not have waited to ride out again *backwards*, if his royal master had insisted on his putting his head into a lion's mouth—as the man does here!

And now, Reuben, since I can perceive, by the significant looks of all the circle, that they are somewhat scandalized by these profane parallels of mine, and are moreover not prepared properly to appreciate the merits of the feast that I would introduce them to—that good Aunt Silence would be horrified at seeing the great serpent swallow a live chicken, though she allows the cat an extra cup of milk for every mouse he catches—that Rose would be petrified at the roar of the lion, and Phoebe actually faint at the idea of the no-better-than cannibals (as she would call them) eating their meat so underdone—and that, as for Frank, he had rather be present at the *petit souper* of a pack of hounds than a whole wilderness of wild beasts;—all this, I say, being evident, let you and I go by ourselves: so on with your wishing cap—that is to say, fancy yourself here in the Middle Temple with me—and as the Temple clock is now striking half-past seven, we'll sally forth, and shall just reach the place of our destination in time to look about us before the elephant rings for his cloth to be laid for supper.

Having received the awkward obeisance of the mock beef-eater at the bottom of the stairs, and followed the direction of the be-written walls, which tell us at every turn that “this is the way to the wild beasts,” we reach the

pay-place, and deposit our three and sixpences, nothing loth, in the hands of a pretty demure-looking maiden who sits confined there like a bird in a cage; remarking, by the by, that but for her pleasant looks, we should somewhat object to the high price of admission.

As we are to see the whole of this extraordinary exhibition, we will comply with the pretty money-taker's desire, and "please to walk up stairs first"—reserving the great banquetting-room for the *bonne bouche*. The first room we enter is long and low, and lighted (or rather *not* lighted) by one dismal lamp; and its inhabitants are chiefly birds. We will therefore not give much time to it; for of all caged creatures, one would suppose that the bird is the least able to bear its lot patiently—and of all birds, an eagle—of which there are several here. Not that we come here to lament over the condition of the objects we meet with;—and for my own part, I doubt whether any of them were ever better off than they are at present. At all events, we will leave our friend P—— to institute a comparative inquiry of this kind, and to concoct an eloquent and pathetic paper on the subject, for the New Monthly Magazine, in which he will doubtless determine the exact effects producible on the animal mind by a transfer of the body to which it is appended, from "native forests, boundless deserts, and trackless skies," to a wooden cage three feet square. In the mean-time, we will proceed to our examination,—admitting, however, by the way, that there *is* something bordering on the melancholy in the appearance of an *eagle* under the condition in which we find him here—that, as some one has compared a poet under certain circumstances (I forget what) to "a sick eagle gazing at the sky," so we can scarcely refrain from returning the compliment, and comparing the great eagle that sits moping here, to a poet confined in the King's Bench, without either pens, ink, or paper! This comparison, however, will be applicable only when the present Insolvent Act is repealed; so

that here is another cogent reason for the said repeal—"for which, as in duty bound, your petitioners will never pray," &c.

This room contains a great variety of other birds; among which are some beautiful Belearic cranes, with crests on their heads in the form of crowns; two extremely curious eagles of a description not to be found in books of natural history; and some birds that you will remember to have heard of at school, Reuben. "*Rara avis in terris, migroque simillima Cygno.*" Night, however, is not the time to see this part of the show; so we will just glance at a few of the other objects in this room, and then pay our respects to Bob, and the great boa constrictor, in the next. Here is the bison, a relative of whom, under the feigned name of the bonassus, lately enlivened every dead wall in the metropolis and its environs, and the whole fraternity of whom we consequently abhor almost as much as we do "Warren's Blacking" for the same reason. Next door neighbour to the above is a pretty animal that they dignify with the name of a wild horse; but which you, Reuben, would desire nothing better than to mount, on an open common, without saddle or bridle; and I'd back you to keep on him at least as well as Mazeppa did by the aid of all his cords. It has the head and neck of a zebra, but in other respects "would make a clever hackney for any timid elderly gentleman in want of such a horse."

The only other animals we will stay to notice in this room are two beautiful little creatures of the antelope tribe, with spiral horns, and eyes like Mahomet's houris; and another of the same species, called the lama, used in the Peruvian mines.

But hark! the clock strikes eight, and the elephant hears and replies to it; so that we shall but just have time to take a look at the next room, and then repair to the more noisy attractions of the banquet below. This room contains a vast variety of the smaller species of foreign birds, and a few small animals—such as monkies, &c. But what we have come to see is shut up in that great deal press, the front of

which lets down with hinges, and leaves the whole interior, with its contents, exposed to the view and even the touch of the spectators—for it is not found necessary to interpose any safeguard before this most terrific-looking of all the animal tribe. And it is lucky that this is the case; for Bob, who has the care of this animal, has made such good use of the *buonamano's* he has received in the course of the day, that he is not in the best condition to protect us in case of danger. But Bob has too strong a sense of natural justice to forego what has, time out of mind, been "his custom always of an afternoon,"—merely to accommodate the idle habits of other people. If you visit him and his charge at a proper hour, you'll find him in the proper condition to do the honours of the visit; and this is all that can in reason be required of him. But I believe I need not have made this apology for him. I've heard it whispered in your village, Reuben, that the Vicar's steed knows as well, if not better, when his reverend burthen is tipsy, than the said burthen does itself; and I rather think it is the same with Bob and the Boa. You see he has by this time let down the side of the serpent's house, and taken off the blankets which covered him; and there the monster lies, black, twisted, and self-involved, like one of your late writing-master's flourishes. I question whether any one ever looked at this extraordinary creature for the first time, without feeling a cold shudder creep through every part. It is a sort of object that (for what reason I know not) we never form an adequate conception of beforehand. The one before us is fourteen feet long, and is entirely covered with a brilliant coating of black, picked out with a sort of whitish yellow; the whole varnished like the face of a picture. The head and neck are much smaller, and of lighter colour, than the rest of the body—the largest part of which is perhaps a foot and a half in circumference;—and the tail diminishes in size almost to a point. But perhaps the most striking part of this singular creature, and the sight of

which affects the spectator in the most extraordinary manner, is the tongue; which, at the approach or touch of any person, it puts out of its mouth (without appearing to open the latter) and moves about with a quick flickering motion, accompanied by a low hissing noise. The part that it puts out of the mouth is about an inch and a half long, and divided into two about half way down from the extremity—each portion being about the thickness of a small quill. Bob (whose word, by the by, I would not take for so much as Hamlet offered to take the **Ghost's**) told me, the last time I saw this creature, that it had the day before eaten three live fowls, "feathers and all," and ten pounds of beef. Though I don't know why I should suspect him of exaggeration in this, when he adds that it never eats more than once in a fortnight, and sometimes not for months together. It is perfectly harmless and quiet—never attempting to move out of the case or cupboard in which it lies; and the only indication it ever gives of the kind and degree of power that it possesses is when you place your hand between the side of its box and any part of it that happens to be lying there—in which case it presses against your hand, and if you were not prepared to slip it away immediately, would crush it. But we are spending more of our time here than we intended, or can afford; so taking leave of Bob and his charge, without waiting for his "true and particular account" of its "life, character, and behaviour," we will at once descend to the great room which we came principally to see.

This room does really contain a magnificent collection of objects—such a one as was probably never before collected together in modern times. The whole of the hither end is occupied by the huge bulk of the elephant, which reaches from side to side, and from the floor to the ceiling, and is divided from the rest of the room by solid beams of wood banded with iron, which cross each other in the form of a grating. At the opposite side is the great lion, gazing around him with the air of an imprisoned empe-

for, and swinging his tail about "as a gentleman swishes his cane." All along the right-hand side of the room are dens containing seven or eight other lions, male and female, of different ages and species, besides tigers, leopards, panthers, hyenas, porcupines, &c. And on the left side is a fine Arabian camel. They are all at this time on the *qui vive*; but there is an air of doubt and uncertainty about them all, as they have not yet heard the signal (or a blow on the gong), which immediately precedes their feeding. At length that signal is given, outside the room, and unexpectedly by the visitors; and then the scene which instantly takes place has in it a most extraordinary mixture of the terrific and the agreeable. A huge discordant roar bursts from almost every den at the same moment; and the inhabitants of each rush against the bars, rampant, and with their eyes flashing fire, and seem on the point of tearing their way into the open space where the spectators are standing. And yet in the midst of all, we feel that pleasantest of all securities, which exists in the presence of, and almost in contact with, danger and death. We are here surrounded, and as it were, looked upon, by death under its most frightful form; and yet we hold our life as securely as if we were seated by our own hearths. I know of no other situation of the kind that can be compared with this. In other cases, if we would feel the *sense* of danger we must *encounter* danger; we cannot *feel* it without *fearing* it; but here we can enjoy all the stimulus of the one, without suffering the debasing and counteracting effects of the other. To have experienced a storm at sea, or been present in a great battle, and escaped from them, are fine things doubtless; but who would risk the danger for the after pleasure? The situation nearest to the one before us is that of sailing on a calm ocean, and feeling that there is nothing between us and the fathomless abyss below, but a deal plank. Or perhaps the standing in a coal-mine in the midst of the fire-damp, and holding in one's hand a

lighted safety-lamp, is a still stronger example of the presence of danger and safety together, or rather of the actual *contact* of them; for there is actually *nothing* intervening between the light of the lamp and the matter which it is to act upon—nothing but a stratum of that matter itself, which is not sufficiently heated to permit the communication of the flame. But in both these instances, though the danger is *there*, we do not *see* it, and therefore do not *feel* it—we only, or chiefly feel the *safety*. But here, the danger is visible to our eyes—it rings and rattles in our ears—it actually moves our whole frames;—for the roarings and rampings of the beasts shake the very building in which we stand. And yet here we stand, as if it were a mere *performance* that we were witnessing—an imitation, and not the real thing. But that it *is* the real thing, is the secret of the pleasure, or whatever else it is to be called, that we derive from it. In fact, it is sought after on the same principle that we go to see a public execution; and if I might venture to say so much in the presence of ladies, I would add that the measure of the satisfaction to be derived from exhibitions of this nature is, the degree of healthful strength of nerve in the deriver of it. If the habits of modern life had not wasted away the nerves of our nobility and gentry to mere gossamers, and thus rendered nervousness an indispensable qualification for a fine lady,—changing "disease for a commodity,"—we should have combats of gladiators and athletæ, and battles of wild beasts, as they had in days of old; and the ladies would distribute the prizes at them! But the looks of some of the said ladies warn me that I am treading on tender ground! so I return to my descriptions.

The gong sounds—the beasts (losing all sense of courtly decorum) seem ready to burst from their dens—and a man with an *iron hand*, who acts as carver to the royal banquet, apportions out the different meats on the side-board, and proceeds to deliver them in the order of precedence which the guests seem naturally to claim:—the

great lion being served first, then the lioness, (for royalty supersedes politeness among beasts as well as men); and then the inferior guests,—from the younger branches of the blood royal, through the nobility of leopards, tigers, panthers, &c. down to the monkeys that chatter and make mops and mows all the while, like the little dwarfs and fools of the old courts. The guests not being troubled with delicate appetites and squeamish stomachs, the cates served up on the occasion are, as you may suppose, *not* “composed of all the delicacies of the season.” On the contrary, the first course consists of bare bones,—the thigh, leg, and knuckle bones of an ox—which are thrown into the dens through a small opening at the bottom in front. And when they have had time to discuss these sufficiently, and to whet their appetite upon them instead of satisfying it, they receive the meat which had been previously cut off.

I shall only notice, in particular, the behaviour of the chief guests on this occasion, lest my account of the feast should last longer than the feast itself. Nero, the great lion, who, until the sound of the gong, and the receipt of his ration, had maintained a becoming majesty of deportment, immediately descended from the centre of his gravity, and roared, growled, and flew about his den, exactly like a wild beast!—urged to this unseemly behaviour (I confess) by the irritating conduct of the man with the iron hand—who approached him to a disrespectful nearness, and pretended to be about to take away his plate before he had done with it.—The consort royal (who is a beast of extraordinary personal charms, and of the most gentle manners,) conducted herself in a very different, and perhaps a no less characteristic style. When the bare bones were given to her, she took one of them (a long thigh bone of an ox) into her mouth, without touching it with her fingers as all the rest did—and proceeded to march deliberately round her den with it; and this she continued to do after she had been served with the second course, of meat,—and indeed, during the whole

time that the banquet lasted; as much as to indicate, to whomsoever it might concern, that *she* knew better what became her birth and station than to eat in the presence of observers. I confess there seemed to me a little affectation in this—a little overniceness; especially as a royal cousin of hers,—a queen-duchess, who is said to partake in some of *her* propensities, and who at present reigns by divine *right*, as *she* used to do in her native woods by quite as good a title, namely, divine *might*,—does not deem it beneath her dignity to dine in the presence of her admiring subjects.

The only other personage whose conduct I shall notice on this occasion, is the elephant; and it offers a singular contrast to that of the rest of the guests. Amidst all the stir, hubbub, and turmoil that I have described above, *he* remains grave, silent, and self-possessed—his lithe proboscis weaving fantastic wreaths in the air outside the bars of his den, as we flourish with our finger when we are thoughtlessly thoughtful, and his huge bulk rising through the half-darkness behind, like a deeper shadow in the midst of shade. And when he of the iron hand comes to wait upon him in his turn, he still maintains the same philosophic gravity, and does every thing that he is bid with the air of one who is not afraid to disobey, but who is willing to serve since circumstances have made servitude his lot. There is in fact something extremely interesting in the behaviour of this extraordinary animal,—who seems to possess a *ten horse power*, only that he may exercise it with the gentleness and docility of a well-conditioned child. He obeys his keepers in the minutest particulars, and without the slightest hesitation or doubt, though his orders are issued without any change of tone or manner from that in which he is almost at the same moment addressing the spectators, or answering their question. Indeed, the elephant’s natural sagacity seems to have enabled him to reach that happiest consummation at which even the human mind can arrive—namely, the faculty of

adapting itself to the circumstances in which it is placed, and "doing its spiriting gently," whatever it may be.

In conclusion, there are two things to which I decidedly object in this feast ; both of them appertaining to the treatment of the chief partaker of it—the great lion. The first is the unhandsome manner in which his feelings are tampered with, by pretending to take away his food after it is given to him, merely that he may be induced to "exaggerate his voice," and roar for the recreation of the spectators;—thus depriving him of that privilege which is allowed even to convicts and felons themselves, of eating their meal in peace. The next

and most important circumstance, is their choosing to indignify him with the name of Nero. This latter I hold to be low treason at the least, if not high. They might as well dub him a member of the Holy Alliance at once ! And to say the truth, I should not object to this, if the other members of that august body would occasionally admit him to their meetings ! —But to call the king of beasts by the name of one who was scarcely worthy to be called a king of men, is a manifest libel : and the Constitutional Association should look to it. Adieu for the present.

Your loving Cousin,

TERENCE TEMPLETON.

that he was delirious, and in an agony of impatience to see me. I was ushered into his chamber by his wife, where I found him lying on a superb couch, a ghastly and miserable object.

" 'My friend,' uttered he, in a wild and broken tone, 'you have then come at last—come in time to receive the last confession of a dying wretch.'

" He then motioned with his hand for the attendants to withdraw.

" 'Clear out—begone!' exclaimed he, to Dr. Anodyne, who was approaching him with a sedative draught; 'what have I to do with thee? can you free me from the fetters which bind me? can you quench the fire which runs through my veins?—begone!'

" The Doctor vanished.

" 'Are we alone?' resumed he.


" I answered in the affirmative.

" 'Tis false, we are not alone—he is there—he is still there. He will never leave me!'

" I turned my eyes to the corner of the room, and saw—nothing!

" 'Bid him—entreat him—command him to depart. See, he comes again! What can he want with me?'

" And what the devil do you want with me?" cried our prisoner.

" Oh," said the turnkey, (for such he was,) " I only came to inform you, that your creditors are tired of keeping you here, and to-morrow you may walk out as soon as you please." 

THE REPOSITORY.

Can such things be, and not excite our special wonder?

THE GHOST.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,
And these are of them.

A respectable inhabitant of the famous city of New-York, having met with several ups and downs, was at last safely lodged in jail. As he lay musing on his pallet of straw, he heard the watchman, stationed on the top of the City Hall, bawl out, "Twelve o'clock, and all's well!"—when suddenly a ghostly figure, in his imagination, presented itself before him, and spoke to the following effect:

"Not many nights ago, I was sent for to see a rich relation, who resides not far from hence, who was dangerously ill. When I arrived at the house, I was told